

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST.

Designed to improve the Farmer, the Planter, and the Gardener.

AGRICULTURE IS THE MOST HEALTHY, THE MOST USEFUL, AND THE MOST NOBLE EMPLOYMENT OF MAN.—WASHINGTON.

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CONDUCTING EDITOR.

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For Prospectus, Terms, &c.,

SEE LAST PAGE.

EVERY one writing to the Editors or Publishers of this journal will please read "Special Notices," on last page.

For the American Agriculturist. GERMAN AGRICULTURE.

MUNICH, Bavaria, Dec. 26, 1854.

I propose to tell your readers of some things which have interested me in German agriculture, as I have seen it. These will probably not be new to you, for good observers have been over the ground many times, and given their observations in many forms to reading people; but I think there are many particulars in which you will be interested, and principles of practice which we may with profit apply.

One sees in Germany little of the high, scientific book farming, which we hear of as being so profitable and so much followed by the rich tenants and land-holders of Great Britain, for the people are poor and the land is poor, I mean as to capital, when compared with England. The farmer has much to contend with; and we may probably learn from him by observing how he overcomes his difficulties.

The tone of lecturers and writers on agriculture has been too much that of upbraiding practical farmers for old fogysm, for hanging back and letting the rest of the world get ahead of them in the grand rush, which our day sees, to apply science to the arts of life. Whether it be true or not that farmers are more behindhand than others in this matter, I can not say, but here, as elsewhere, that is the expression of public opinion. People seem not to take into consideration the mass of difficulties which present themselves to the practical man to be encountered. If they do disappear when once grappled with, they appear real enough in the distance. With very many things too, it is just as it is in the case of *shrinking pork*; it is a great deal easier and one is much better contented to account for the fact by supposing that it was killed in the wane of the Moon, than to search for the trouble in his own pot and pork barrel.

In visiting a new country, indeed, in receiving new impressions of men and manners any where, one is apt, unless the good greatly out-weighs the evil, to see at first that which strikes him unfavorably almost to the exclusion of what is really commendable. So when he views here the clumsy

utensils, sees every thing possible done by hand, women and cows laboring in the field, and observes the very inconvenient and unequal division and subdivision of the land, the close crowded villages, and the great number of poor people, all together, these things make the first impression, and one is likely to overlook much that is very pleasant and commendable. I fear it is through these first impressions that we in America have received most of our notions of Germans and German farming.

The fact is, a gradual change is taking place almost all over Germany. Farmers are beginning to think more, and so to elevate their profession and themselves. Still this is but a beginning; the mechanical way of producing is still here as it is with us, the rule for the multitude. One finds the same distrust of new ways, the same unwillingness to change or to know the reasons for the ways followed. The advance made by the German farmer is naturally enough in a quite different direction in which we have improved our farming; and consequently it is all the more interesting to notice, and the facts which it has brought out, are all the more important for us to apply if we can.

The dense population consumes most of the agricultural produce, and rigid care is taken by the government that the price of the necessities of life shall not rise above the means of the poorer classes. Speculation in articles of food, fuel, etc., is prevented as far as possible, and the price of bread and many other kinds of food, as well as the quality, is subject to accurate police regulation. Labor is cheap both because of the number of laborers and because no great wages are necessary to live somewhat comfortably. This state of things of course affects all classes of society, the relations of employer and employed, producer and consumer, in fact all the commercial and financial affairs of the State.

In the German language farmer is called *econome*, that is, an *economist*; and the rigid economy observed by rich and poor, is a subject of surprise to those accustomed to the fair-and-easy way of living of the New-England farmer. One sees this economy in every thing almost; in food for man and beast, in fuel, in land, in labor of animals, in every thing except what we economise most in—in the labor of man and in time. Labor is cheap, and there is always *time enough*; in fact the reputation which the Germans as a nation have for deliberation, is richly deserved. This economy is shown very strik-

ingly in many farm arrangements. The land is of too great value even to be fenced, for by this means much land is rendered unproductive; and one may travel hundreds of miles through the most highly cultivated districts without seeing any thing of the kind, except inclosing now and then gardens near the villages. When cattle, sheep or swine are pastured, they are always attended by a herder, and they are seldom seen on the plains or cultivated land till the crops have been removed in the autumn. This state of things would naturally lead to the practice here universally prevalent, of stalling cattle throughout the year; but the advantages of this mode of proceeding do not end with the most obvious one of convenience. The same amount of *arable land* supports more animals, by whose manure it is kept in better care, yields greater crops, demands more labor, and thus supports more people; this too, when managed with only ordinary care and skill. The practice is of great advantage besides, in requiring the production of a peculiar series of crops, such as may be cut green and fed to the stocks, and roots to supply the place of green fodder in the winter. The favorite green crops, as you know, are those of the leguminous family, namely, clover, luzerne, zeparzette, several kinds of vetch, etc. Of the roots, the beet is by far more extensively cultivated than any other for cattle; carrots, turnips, etc., are also extensively employed, as are, of course, potatoes; moreover, peculiarly adapted to this purpose, and much praised by those who have used it, is the artichoke (*Helianthus tuberosus*). It grows often well where hardly anything else will, and besides its roots, the leaves and softer parts of the stems are eaten readily by cattle and sheep, and make a good fodder when mixed with other things. The number of other crops, to the cultivation of which this practice of soiling cattle conduces in one or another district, according to climate, exposure etc., is perfectly immense. The advantage of thus being able to cultivate with advantage many more kinds of standard crops than we do at home, is not to be overlooked. It can not be said to be appreciated here but by very few, and certain it is that in New-England it is far less understood. The subject of *succession of crops* is one peculiarly fascinating, and I would gladly devote the rest of my sheet to it, but I do not want yet to launch into a theoretical subject so deep and wide.

It does seem to me, although the contrary is often said, that the stall-feeding of cat-

the offers to the farmer in the more thickly populated portions of New-England, many important advantages; these appear to be, that in many cases much, now pasture land, might be more profitably cultivated; that more stock might be kept, they being able to bear the summer better, fattening easier and giving more milk in hot weather; that the amount of manure might be increased; that many crops might be introduced and profitably cultivated which otherwise could not be, and that by the more thorough system of culture, the farmer might become more independent of the variations of the season—drouth and cold.

This necessity for the greatest economy in the use of land gives a value to all means for its improvement—manuring, draining, irrigation, etc. Many a German peasant has opportunity to learn that manure is beneficial in proportion to its quality. You may well believe this when you see land lying on the top of a hill or the side of a mountain, one-eighth of a mile or more removed from any cart-path, heavily manured; the manure having been carried to it on the heads of women and men up the steep, narrow, winding foot-paths. I have seen, many a time, processions of ten or a dozen women and girls, each with her loaded basket on her head, toiling up some steep ascent, winding through grounds of more favored neighbors, till in the distance the row of baskets presented almost the appearance of a miniature train of coal cars. It is pretty evident that it would not pay very well to employ poor, light, sun-dried stuff for the purpose—and it becomes to these people an absolute necessity to have manure in as small bulk as possible. The lesson which they learn on the mountain-side without much urging they apply in the valley. It is seldom, in readily cultivatable mountain districts, that one sees manure drying in the sun, or washed away by the rain. It is often in pits laid in masonry and covered, placed very near to the stall door to receive both solid and liquid manure—and afterward in compact square heaps, placed so as to drain well, and that water may be from time to time poured over them; which operation admirably regulates the decomposition which is ever going on in the heaps, effectually prevents loss from the action of the weather, by removing those substances rendered gradually soluble by the decomposition, and also prevents any deterioration from drying. The liquid extract which flows from these heaps, is collected, where best managed, in cisterns, and applied in the liquid form to the land, and forms a concentrated, quickly-acting and conveniently-applicable form of manure; while the strawy, insoluble portion remaining of the heaps, from the property of vegetable matter in a certain stage of decomposition to retain the salts of ammonia and the alkalies, is found to be almost if not fully equal to ordinary barnyard-manure.

I have several times been pleasantly surprised to find, among common peasants, an intelligent understanding of the use of special manures in rotations—the use of bone-dust, plaster, lime, etc., and almost univer-

sally one is sent interested inquiries in regard to the employment of *guano*, which is but little used so far as I have seen. I have myself seen but little thorough draining, though in many districts it is beginning to be pretty extensively employed. Some fields I have seen which evinced its benefit in a very interesting manner, in the worst period of the drouth last summer. The number of draintile machines sold at the time of the *Exhibition of German Industry* here, was very large I learn—good evidence that the practice finds followers here as well as everywhere, when attention is called to it. One sees irrigation of grass land, I may almost say, wherever it can be done; and it was with no little satisfaction that during the late severe season, when the whole earth else seemed parched and dried up, that I wandered through many a beautiful, green meadow to examine the method by which it was enriched and watered. The methods are so various and so simple that it is hardly worth while taking up space to describe them, yet so effective, that if you are not now impressed with the value of the practice, I must commend it to your attention.

To the political circumstances of the countries of Europe does German agriculture owe its peculiarities, more than to anything else. The bauer has by no means fully recovered from the oppression of the feudal system. His education is very incomplete, in many countries being confined almost to the catechism. Such a thing as for a poor man to have his farm all in one piece is *unknown*; it usually is divided up into one-quarter to one-half or one acre patches, and scattered over the whole village, the different pieces often stuck about here and there over the area of a square mile.

Sugar from the Indies is made to pay such an immense tariff, that the cultivation of the beet for sugar becomes a valuable source of profit. The high price of oil for all purposes, greatly elevated above what it would otherwise be by tariff and tax, induces, indeed requires, the home production of oil for the table, for burning, and for technical applications; thus, in addition to hemp and flax, the rape, the poppy, and several other oil-yielding seed-crops, are made common.

So it is throughout, that these relations of the wants of the community to the agricultural portion, of the land itself to other lands, and of the people themselves to their own country and its laws, give rise to differences in agricultural practice, which it is exceedingly interesting to observe, and though one may be never so familiar with what has been written on the subject, perhaps not uninteresting to consider again.

MASON C. WELD.

GREAT SALE OF JACK STOCK.—The sale of jacks and jennets, imported recently from Spain by the Kentucky Importing Company, took place at Georgetown, Ky. The prices were remunerative, ranging from \$395 to \$1,550 per head, with the exception of one which sold at \$235. The purchasers were from Scott, Bourbon, and Woodford counties.

For the American Agriculturist.

"PATTON STOCK"

PINE GROVE, Ky., Jan. 19, 1885.

I notice a piece in the *Agriculturist* of the 3d inst., written by L. F. A., in which my name is introduced, and as he has only taken a scrap of what I said some years ago in a letter to Mr Howard, he has put me in a false position, which I wish to rectify.

In 1783, Matthew Patton, Ringold & Gough, then merchants of Baltimore, imported a parcel of cattle from England. Matthew Patton afterwards moved to Kentucky, and brought with him his division of these, which consisted of the Short Horn bull *Mars*, and the Short Horned cow *Venus*. The cow died, having left but one bull calf in Kentucky. There was afterwards brought to Kentucky, the Short Horn bull *Pluto*, purchased of Mr. Miller, who had become the owner of the remainder of the importation of Messrs. Patton, Ringold and Gough. I do not know what Mr. Harrison means by the term brindle, [probably a deep roan color.—Eps. Am. Ag.] applied to him; it can not have the meaning I attach to the term. *Pluto* was a deep red. These cattle were called "milk breed" in Kentucky, to distinguish them from another portion of Patton & Co.'s importation. There were imported with the Short Horns a lot of cattle called the "beef breeds." These cattle had the largest frames I have ever seen. Were large-boned, coarse-jointed, and were six or seven years in getting their growth. These cattle, although purchased and bred by Mr. Miller, were called the "Patton stock," from the original importers, Matthew Patton & Co.

You thus see how two kinds of cattle, possessing very different characteristics, were called by the same name. And these bad bulls were called "Patton bulls," although, so far as my knowledge extends, I do not believe Mr. Patton himself ever bred his Short Horn crosses to any of the "beef breed" bulls. A son of Matthew Patton, brought to Kentucky a bull that was a cross of the "beef breed," and Matthew Patton himself brought some heifers with him that were from both milk and beef breeds from common cows. I have nothing to do with the circumstance of their names, for surely "beef breed" was a bad name for these coarse cattle, for they could hardly be fattened at all.

I still have and am breeding descendants of the "Patton stock," but unfortunately they have crosses of these "bad bulls," but in which there is no trace observable, as they have been bred to good bulls ever since 1817, [meaning, we suppose, good Short Horn bulls.—Eps. AMER. AG.] and they have still transmitted their milking qualities to their descendants.

Now, whatever qualities were desirable in the "Patton stock," they got from the Short Horn portion of his importation.

SAM. D. MARTIN

I would not willingly do Dr. Martin the slightest injustice in speaking of his connection with the "Patton stock." He has set the matter right, as regards himself, in the above letter; and its closing sentence tells the whole story regarding what good qualities they now possess in his hands. He, as I understand, has crossed them for many years back with well-bred Short Horn bulls. Of course, they are, so far as he is concerned, essentially *Short Horns*—the "Patton" blood being bred mostly out, and the "milk-ink quality" of their descendants perpetuated, as, I think, quite as much through the Short Horn crosses as otherwise. Nor do I

see that the *present* character of the "Pattons" proper, as I described them in the article to which he alludes, at all differs from the very equivocal standard of that variety, as they were bred in Kentucky at an early day. I wish that Dr. Martin had particularly named what kind of bulls he has used for crossing into his "Pattons" of late years; but as he is known as a Short breeder, it is fair to infer that he used Short Horn bulls alone.

While on the subject, and to put on record the main facts respecting this variety of cattle, I send you a letter which I received a short time ago from a Kentucky gentleman, a distinguished breeder of Short Horns, one familiar from boyhood with the "Pattons." It will be seen that his authenticity is reliable:

PARIS, Bourbon Co. Ky., Jan. 15, 1855.

LEWIS F. ALLEN, Esq.:

Dear Sir: I send you, as requested, all the information I have in reference to the introduction of the Patton cattle into Kentucky. It is a copy of a letter from B. Harrison to the Editor of the Franklin Farmer.

Respectfully, EDWIN G. BEDFORD.

WOODFORD Co., Ky., Jan. 22, 1859.

To the Editor of the Franklin Farmer:

Dear Sir: In compliance with your request, as well as that of many other friends and acquaintances, who at the present day feel a lively interest in the improvement of cattle, and who express some solicitude to be informed on the subject of the first introduction of English cattle into Kentucky, all of whom seem to have been informed that Matthew Patton, Sen'r, deceased, was the first individual who brought that kind of stock to this State. I make the following communication containing my knowledge and recollections on the subject; I very much fear that your expectations will not be entirely realized. It is true that the relation in which I stand to that individual, being the oldest male relation living, and having been raised in the immediate neighborhood where he first settled in Kentucky, has given me a better opportunity of knowing facts in relation to the stock than any other individual; but you must understand that I was but a boy at that time, and have only to rely upon memory and occurrences in early life as to dates.

As to the description of stock brought to Kentucky by Matthew Patton, Sr., and others, my recollection is distinct, and I think I will be within two or three years of the correct date. The impression that Matthew Patton, Sr., was the first individual that brought blooded cattle to Kentucky, is inaccurate. The facts are, that some two or three Mr. Pattons, the sons, and a Mr. Gay, the son-in-law of Matthew Patton, Sr., brought some half-blood English cattle (so called)—a bull and some heifers—as early as 1785, or thereabouts, and settled near where Nicholasville, in Jessamine County, now stands. The cattle were from the stock of Matthew Patton, Sr., who then resided in Virginia. These cattle I never saw, and knew but little about. I have heard them spoken of as being large at that day, and have always understood that they were the calves of a bull owned by Matthew Patton, Sr., which he purchased of Gough, of Maryland, who was an importer of English cattle. I never saw that bull, but have often heard my grandfather (Matthew Patton, Sr.) speak of him. He described him as being very large, and of the Long Horned breed. Matthew Patton, Sr., emigrated to Kentucky about the year 1790, and brought with him

some six or more cows, calves of the Long Horned bull before mentioned. I knew these cows very well, for I saw them almost every day for several years. They were large, somewhat coarse and rough, with very long horns, wide between the points, turning up considerably. Their bags and teats were very large, differing widely in appearance from the Long Horned stock of the importation of 1817—some of them were first rate milkers.

About the year 1795, Matthew Patton, Sr., procured from the before mentioned Gough, through his son, William Patton, a bull called *Mars*, and a heifer called *Venus*, both of which were sold by Gough as full-blooded English cattle; but like the importation of 1817, they had no other pedigree. The bull was a deep red, with a white face, of good size, of round, full form, of more bone than the popular stock of the present day, his horns somewhat coarse. The heifer was a pure white, except her ears, which were red, of fine size, high form, short, crumple horns, turning downwards. She produced two bull calves by *Mars* and died. One of these bulls was taken to the neighborhood of Chillicothe, Ohio, by Wm. Patton, and the other to Jessamine County, Kentucky, by Roger Patton. *Mars* remained in the possession of Matthew Patton, Sr., until his death in the year 1803. He was then sold at the sale of his estate, and purchased by a Mr. Preples, of the same neighborhood; but who soon afterwards changed his residence to Montgomery County, taking *Mars* with him, when the bull soon after died. *Mars*, while in the possession of Matthew Patton, Sr., served but five cows beside his own and those of his sons and his sons-in-law, for the reason that he charged the sum of two dollars for each cow served by the bull, which price was, at that day, considered so extravagant that only a few individuals would breed to him. The bull calves that he produced were nearly all permitted to run for breeders; consequently every person in a large section of country had an opportunity of breeding to half-blooded bulls, which effected a great improvement in the stock of cattle in a large portion of Clark County, and a small portion of Bourbon County. *Mars* produced from the half Long Horn cows, which I have before described, stock that would be considered good, even at this day. All the bull calves that were bred by Patton and his family were sold to persons in all the different sections of this State, and some to persons living in other States. *Mars* has been dead 33 years.

In 1803, Daniel Harrison, (my father) James Patton and James Gay, purchased of a Mr. Miller, of Virginia, who was an importer of English cattle, a two-year-old bull, called *Pluto*, who certified that he was got by an imported bull, and came out of an imported cow, but gave no other pedigree. *Pluto* was a dark red or brindle, [by "brindle" we understand deep roan.—Eds. Am. Ag.] and when full grown was the largest bull I have ever seen; with an uncommonly small head and neck, light, short horns, very heavy fleshed, yet not carrying so much on the most desirable points as the fashionable stock of the present day, [meaning Short Horns.—Eds. Am. Ag.] with small bone for an animal of his weight. *Pluto* was kept on the farms of his owners, and served their cows and those of such others as were willing to pay two dollars per cow, which was not many, as the price was still considered too high. He was put upon the cows produced by the Patton bull, *Mars*, which produced stock that has rarely been excelled in all the essential qualities of the cow kind. They were unquestionably the best milkers that have ever been in Kentucky, taken as a stock in the general, and but little inferior, in

point of form, to the most improved stock of the present day, and of greater size.

In the year 1812, or thereabouts, *Pluto* was taken to Ohio, and shortly afterwards died.

In the year 1810, or thereabouts, Capt. Wm. Smith, of Lafayette, purchased of the same Mr. Miller, the bull called *Buzzard*. He was a brindle, very large and coarse, taller than *Pluto*, but not considered so heavy. A number of the *Pluto* cows, as well as the produce of the Patton bull, were bred to *Buzzard*, but the stock was held rather in disrepute on account of coarseness, and the disinclination to early maturity. *Buzzard* was got by the same bull that *Pluto* was, but came out of a different cow, said to be of the Long Horn stock, which Miller had bought of Matthew Patton, Sr.

About the year 1813, a Mr. Inskip came to Kentucky from Virginia, and brought with him a large bull, called Inskip's brindle. He was a large, coarse bull, and I have always understood that he was a descendant of Miller's stock, mixed with the Long Horn stock, that Matthew Patton, Sr., left in Virginia, when he left there.

About the year 1814, Daniel Harrison (my father) procured a bull and heifer from a Mr. Ringold, an importer of English cattle, either of Maryland or Virginia. They were called the "Cary Cattle." They were pied, red, and white; were rather small, light-fleshed, raw-boned stock, and had no claims to merit, only for milking qualities. They were good milkers.

I think, about the year 1814, Messrs. Hutchcraft and Wetton procured from Ohio a large bull called *Shaker*. They either purchased him from a Society of Shakers, in Ohio, or from some individual who did. I have always understood he was a descendant of Miller's stock, but not by Miller's imported bull, as some gentlemen (not his owners) have stated in the pedigree of this stock.

The above is a copy of Mr. Harrison's letter to the Editors of the Franklin Farmer in reference to the English and Patton stocks' introduction into Kentucky, and, I suppose, embraces about all the facts that can be had on the subject. E. G. B.

It will be seen from all this array of evidence, that the "Pattons," so called, as bred in Kentucky, were a *made up* variety, consisting of some of the best and some of the worst blood which had been introduced into the State at that early day; and that their produce was pretty much what it might be supposed as descending from cattle with such conflicting qualities. Thirty-six years ago, I saw, in Ohio, bulls driven from Kentucky—the worst possible kind of brutes of one of these sorts. The people there, in Ohio, called them "Hollow-heads"—and hollow heads and hollow bodied, too, they were, to all intents. They stood up on high timber stilts, with raw, projecting bones all over. You might as well attempt to fat a barn frame as one of these brutes. They touched nothing that they did not defile; and would eat over a whole prairie, and still be lean.

Outside the show-ground, at Springfield, at the late National Show, were two great timber-heeled and timber-framed brutes, brought for "show" outside, and put in a tent. They were 17 or 18 hands high, lean in flesh, with frames like a mastodon. Half a dozen of us, in going across lots from the show-ground to town, fell in with them standing in a fence corner. Every one of our company, I believe, were Kentuckians, ex-

cept myself; some of these gentlemen were six feet and a half high, and none of us were dwarfs, and not one of these could lay his chin on the shoulders of these brutes. We held a long and merry discussion on these same quadrupeds, and the wonder was, of what breed they were? They had short horns, and some of the party quizzingly asked if they were not *original* Pattons? They were certainly got by "bad bulls," but whether from descendants of the "bad" Pattons alluded to, was not understood, as there was a fearful lack of pedigree!

So long as neither Dr. Martin, nor any other breeders or advocates of really good cattle, are disposed to breed or recommend the Pattons in their *original* estate, it is hardly worth while to spend more ink on the discussion; and having thus placed them on record, I am disposed to let them slumber. All the milking virtues ascribed to them, are to be found among the Short Horns, when that quality has been sought, and to which we can safely revert when it is wanted. L. F. A.

For the American Agriculturist.
IMPROVED POULTRY.

The leading article in No. 72 of your valuable journal, on the "Importance of Poultry to the United State," I read with much pleasure, and can fully endorse the views advanced by the writer regarding the importance of this particular branch to the farmer. Many circumstances have undoubtedly combined to cause its neglect, not the least of which, as it appears to me, is the mistaken prejudice in the minds of farmers generally in favor of more bulky produce—that is, pork, and the prevailing habit of allowing the poultry to take care of themselves. Statistical articles, where a fair profit is proved to accrue, though it be on a small scale, it appears to me, may exercise some slight influence in removing so erroneous an impression. It is from this circumstance that I am induced to trouble you with my experience in this line, during the past season.

I commenced the year 1854 with a stock of 25 fowls—a cross of the Shanghai with common barn-yard—which, so far as an experience of three years has gone, seem to me to combine all the qualities that can be desired. From these I have obtained the past season, 2,042 eggs—sold for...\$40.06
Also raised 58 chickens—sold for... 28.47
I have also accumulated manure valued at..... 5.00

My receipts thus averaging.....\$73.53
Expended for food..... 32.29

Profit.....\$41.24

From this, I have not made a further deduction of \$16.35, which includes the interest on house and other expenses not included therein, which reduces it to \$24.89.

For my own part I am fully satisfied that, on a large scale, with the prices of feed reduced to their ordinary level, there is no other branch of business that can be more successfully cultivated by the farmer, both from the comparatively small amount of capital involved, the trifling loss likely to be incurred, and the ready market afforded to all such produce.

I consider it a bad practice to leave much food lying about, and therefore never give more than I think will be eaten at the time. As often as three or four times a week in winter, and oftener when the weather is se-

verely cold, I have been in the habit of feeding a mixture of corn meal and refuse meat, chopped fine; if the latter is not to be obtained, potatoes boiled and mashed will answer as a substitute; and, occasionally, a small quantity of pounded charcoal and lime with boiling water. This may be nothing new to many, but it is certainly very important if you wish your hens to lay well through the winter.

I may have more to say hereafter, with reference to breeding for the table, as to size, and quality of flesh, hoping some of your correspondents, who may have had experience with reference to this part of the subject, may be induced to impart it for the benefit of others, through the medium of your journal. W. A. T.

SERAI-TAOOK, OR FOWLS OF THE SULTAN.

As an addendum to the account of the Ptarmigan fowls, in our last number, written by our correspondent, "W. H.," we will give an extract from a letter received from Dr. Burney himself (with permission to publish it), in September, 1853.

"I did not at first," wrote Dr. Burney, "place much value on them, as from their confinement on board ship, their beauty for some weeks or months was not observed in the old birds; but being kept by themselves, their first hatch of chickens soon called forth the admiration of my neighbors, and induced me to pay more attention to their merits, and I have no hesitation in saying they are a most valuable addition to the domestic fowl of this country. They are elegant in shape, and very graceful in their actions, excellent layers, and hardy in their nature. Their habits and appearance are those of the ptarmigan or grouse, being fond of feeding on berries and insects in the woods which surrounded my late residence, but when confined to a yard are contented and happy. As for beauty, they can not be surpassed, having splendid top-knots, profusely feathered legs, and vulture hocks."

Dr. Burney further mentioned that the eggs were of a good size, and the fowls very delicate for the table; that they were good sitters and mothers, having on several occasions hatched unusually large broods, and reared the chickens with care and success; and that they were very hardy. He said that he had them from a gentleman who had been traveling in the north of Europe, and who had brought them to England with him; he supposed them to have come originally from Siberia.

The Serai-Taook, or Sultan's fowls, to which W. H. calls the attention of our readers, in concluding his account, were sent to us by a friend living at Constantinople, in January 1854. A year before we had sent him some Cochins China fowls, with which he was very much pleased; and when his son soon after came to England, he said he could send from Turkey some fowls with which we should be pleased. Scraps of information about muffs and divers beauties and decorations arrived before the fowls, and led to expectations of something much prettier than the pretty ptarmigan, in which we had always noticed a certain uncertainty in tuft and comb.

In January they arrived in a steamer chiefly manned by Turks, we should fancy much dirtier and in worse plight than the arrival at Mount Plym. The voyage had been long and rough, and poor fowls so rolled over and glued into one mass with filth were never seen. Months afterward, with the aid of one of the first fanciers in the country, we spent an hour trying to ascertain whether the feathers of the cock were white or striped, and almost concluded that the last was the true state of the case, although they

had been described by our friend as "bellissimi galli Bianchi."

We at once saw enough to make us very unwilling to be entirely dependent for the breed on the one sad-looking gentleman with his tuft heavy with dirt, dirt for a mantle, and his long, clogged tail hanging round on one side. We wrote directly for another importation, especially for a cock, and to ask the name they had at home. In answer to the first request, we found that good fowls of the kind are difficult to get there; our friends have ever since been trying to get us two or three more, but can not succeed either in Constantinople, or other parts of Turkey; the first he can meet with will be sent. With regard to the name, he told us they are called Serai-Taook: Serai, as is known by every reader of eastern lore, is the name of the Sultan's palace; Taook is Turkish for fowl; the simplest translation of this is, "Sultan's fowls," or "fowls of the Sultan;" a name which has the double advantage of being the nearest to be found to that by which they have been known in their own country, and of designating the country from which they came.

Time very soon restored the fowls to perfect health and partial cleanliness; but it was not until after the moulting season that they showed themselves as the "bellissimi galli Bianchi" described by our Constantinople friend.

They are superior to the ptarmigan in general character, resembling rather our white Polands, but with more abundant furnishing, and shorter legs, which are vulture-hocked, and feathered to the toes.

In general habits, they are much like other fowls, brisk, and happy-tempered; but not kept in as easily as Cochins Chinas. They are very good layers; their eggs are large and white; they are non-sitters and small eaters. A grass run with them will remain green long after the crop would have been cleared by either Brahmas or Cochins, and with scattered food they soon become satisfied, and walk away.

They are the size of our English Poland fowls; but it seems likely that the young ones will be rather larger. Their plumage is white and flowing. They have a full-sized, compact Poland tuft on the head; are muffed, have a good flowing tail, short, well-feathered legs, and five toes upon each foot. One fowl which came over with them was exactly like the ptarmigan; we have met with a very few such from Constantinople, but never saw any of exactly the same kind as our own Serai-Taook. [Poultry Chronicle.]

For the American Agriculturist.
SHANGHAI.

In your paper of January 24, 1855, is an article on poultry, which contains these words: "A great improvement was observable in many of the choice breeds. The Shanghai, in particular, has been greatly benefitted by his change of country and home. He is gradually exchanging his mammoth height and lank proportions for a size and form more comely, and is becoming a greater favorite with amateurs and breeders."

These observations are founded in error—on a false appreciation of the qualities of the Shanghai fowl, and of all those long, gangling breeds, which Asia has from time to time sent here, for the benefit of us outside barbarians. These breeds have been created by the Chinese for a special object, and are the result of long and persevering efforts on their part, in the same way and by the same means that choice breeds of cattle have been obtained, with a particular end in view—some for a precocious taking on of fat, others for milk, &c.

The Shanghai breed is admirably fitted for being made capons of, which is the object the Chinese have in view in raising this description of fowl. His mammoth height and lank proportions are just what are required for making a capon, weighing, when 15 or 16 months old, twelve pounds or over. If the Shanghai be not caponized, and kept the length of time as he ought to be—for a shorter period will not bring him to perfection—but is killed as a chicken, in the same way our native breeds are, he is not worth as much as the latter. This is the experience of every one who has long kept the Shanghai breed. How can his long, bony carcass compare with that of our native breeds, with their compact, handsome shapes—the Bucks County breed, for instance, or any even of our common dunghill fowls—as all these are ready for killing at an age when the Shanghai is a mere ill-formed, gawky, big chicken! But caponize him, and keep him the requisite time, as is the case in his native land, and you see perfection!—his mammoth form and lengthy proportions are filled in with flesh and fat—a wonder and a pleasure to look at. No improvement wanted—just what the Chinese farmers intended.

As the art of caponizing is confined to almost one locality in this country, the peculiar form of the Shanghai cannot be properly estimated; consequently he will be changed and improved in form until he can not be distinguished from our native breeds; then the name of Shanghai will be forgotten, and our poultry amateurs will be busy improving the form of some other variety from Asia, with mammoth height and lank proportions, and with exactly the same results.

I have made capons for twenty years.

J. G.

AMERICAN HORSES.

We make the following extract on American horses from an address in September last, by Mr. J. Prescott Hall, of New-York, before the Aquidneck Agricultural Society, at Middletown, R. I. It abounds with interesting facts, showing why American horses are so superior, and which is mainly attributed to the abundant infusion of Arab blood in their veins.

And now, Gentlemen, let us say something of the horse—the most beautiful, the most spirited, the most soul-stirring, and perhaps the most useful of all the tribes that came out of the ark.

Observe him trained for the race, exercising for war, or harnessed to the chariot; his eye on fire, his nostrils expanded, his coat glistening like burnished gold, and tell me if he is not a subject for the painter and a model for the statuary?

The Arabs write—"True riches are a noble and fierce breed of horses, and of which God said, the war horses—those which rush on the enemy with full-blowing nostrils; those which plunge into the battle early in the morning."

We had in New-York, some years ago, a most estimable gentleman, who rose from humble circumstances in mechanic life, to fortune and to honor; being successively Mayor of the City and one of its representatives in Congress. In this latter place he became very fond of investigations into taxation, importation, exportation and all the sources of national prosperity and wealth. These subjects he would argue anywhere; in doors and out of doors; in sunshine or in rain: and if he caught a willing ear he would exclaim in exultation—"if there is anything in the world I do understand, it is tanning and political economy!"

My own conceit, as to my own acquire-

ment, leads me in the same direction with my former friend; and I too, can exclaim, if there are any things in the world I do understand, they are—horseflesh and the law!

If I do not understand something of this subject my opportunities have been thrown away; and all in vain have I been President of a Jockey Club.

In my earliest days I was introduced to the horse in his noblest forms; for the Arab fondness which my father cherished for thoroughbreds, he imparted to his son, who has retained that attachment all his days. He had at one time, when I was yet a boy, five excellent and beautiful specimens of the race horse, the Cleveland Bay, and the animal of all work, now known as the Morgan; all of which were kept for the improvement of their respective classes; and the names of Escape, Pacolet, King William and Kochlani, are familiar sounds in my ears.

It was my father who first told me the story of Lindsey's Arabian, a horse well known to him, and in my native country, by the name of Ranger; and I have galloped a grand-daughter of this steed many a mile, weary enough for her, but cheering and pleasant to me.

This beautiful Barb was presented by the Emperor of Morocco to the Captain of an English frigate, who landed him on one of the West India Islands, for exercise and refreshment.

Being playful as a kitten he was turned loose into a lumber yard, and taking it into his head to ascend a pile of timber, he fell and broke three of his legs.

The master of a vessel out of New-London, well known to the Captain of the man-of-war, upon solicitation, received the horse as a present in his crippled and hopeless condition. With much skill and patience the master of the "Horse Jockey" caused the fractured limb to be set, and succeeded at last in bringing the animal home to Connecticut, where he became the ancestor of many brave sons and beautiful daughters.

Some of these being employed during the Revolutionary War in the South as cavalry horses, attracted so much attention that their history and pedigree were inquired into with care; and the result was that General Washington sent Captain Lindsey of the army to Hampton, in Connecticut, to purchase the foreigner; and thus it was that the Old Ranger—beautiful as Apollo, white and shining as silver, went down to Virginia to lay his mended bones there. But before descending to the grave he left specimens of his blood in the form of Tulip and other capital racers; and now it flows to this day in the veins of many a high mettled steed, in that ancient and renowned dominion.

John Blunt, an Arab in every particular, although a thoroughbred American horse, and as good a racer of his size as the world saw, not fifteen hands high, could not contend successfully with Fashion, because her superior height and length gave her a stride which so told upon the little horse, in a race of four miles, that he was compelled to yield the palm to that renowned, and in my opinion, matchless and unrivaled courser.

To come down to practical results then, you may ask, would you have farmers breed and use race-horses? Certainly not thoroughbreds; by which I mean animals whose pedigree can be traced directly to Arab originals; but I would have them never employ any, that were not strongly imbued with the best properties of oriental seeds.

The heavy horses of Europe, including those of England, France and Holland, are wholly unsuited to our habits and purposes, being slow of motion and expensive to keep. For farming draft, oxen must always be preferred in New-England to horses or mules; for when their career in the cart and

plow is run, they have not lost any part of their value, but become food for man, as they were destined finally to be.

Again, the harness of the oxen employed by us, is of the cheapest and most simple description; and I defy any man to contrive a cooler or better mode of coupling this animal to his plow or cart, than by the common wooden yoke which we use and which is equally well calculated for forward traction, or for backing the load.

The horses which you ride and drive daily are, all of them, strongly imbued with the blood of the thoroughbred, and we rarely see in this state a single specimen of the heavy draft-horse of Europe.

When Mr. Birkbeck, the distinguished English Farmer, first came to this country, more than 30 years ago, he wrote and published an account of what he saw; and among other things he remarked, and with some astonishment, that the American horses were all blood horses, or so crossed with that race as to cause its predominance to be seen wherever he traveled; and he pronounced them superior to those of Europe.

Even in Pennsylvania, their strong wagon horses have lost their heaviness; and while they are of the largest size, they have also blood, compact bone and good action. An English cart horse carries as much hair upon his fetlocks as he does upon his mane; while the legs of the Canestoga may be found as clean as those of the Barb.

We have bred in this country from the best originals; and our trotters, including the Morgans and Black Hawks, owe their speed and endurance entirely to their eastern blood. Old Messenger, one of the best racers that England ever lost, was introduced into this country shortly after the Revolution. He was the sire of Mambrino, a thoroughbred trotter, who could knock off a mile in three minutes in his twenty-first year when I saw him; and he transmitted his blood to the famous Lady Suffolk who could go the same distance in two minutes and twenty-six seconds!

He and she had the hardy color of Old Messenger who gave to them the speed and endurance of the trotter; while the same Patriarch imparted to Eclipse his swiftness as a racer.

Trustee, who not long ago astonished all England by going over a course of twenty miles within the hour in harness, was a son of imported Trustee—a thoroughbred race-horse, whose price at one time was three thousand guineas.

Mr. B., of London, when in this country had so strong a desire to see the animal that performed this feat, that I took him to his stable in Houston-street, where we saw him harnessed to the baker's cart which he daily drew through the streets of New-York.

He was a chesnut, fifteen hands two inches high, and exactly the kind of horse which we should breed and raise.

During the Canadian rebellion, the English sent over to those provinces a considerable body of cavalry. Many of these horses died on the voyage from stress of weather, and they were compelled to mount their men by purchases in New-York, Vermont, and New-Hampshire, all along the borders of Canada.

These animals I saw in Montreal in exercise. They were specimens of the middling sized Morgan, with striking marks of blood; and Col. Shirley, of the 7th Hussars, informed me in 1842, that they were the best cavalry horses for all work that he had ever seen; so good he said, that they were not to be sold when the regiment went home, but to be taken to England for use, as one would take coals to Newcastle.

Believe me, gentlemen, we of Rhode-Island should breed our own horses, and breed them larger and better than we do now. It

costs no more to rear and keep a good horse than a bad one; while their relative capacity for service can scarcely be estimated.

I saw when I was abroad, the horses of France, and found they had, among others, a middling-sized racer, remarkable for toughness and condition, which are easily maintained; but to improve their breeds the government makes constant draughts upon the English thoroughbreds.

Now, we have no need to go abroad for this kind of stock. As a general rule our roadsters are much better than the English, and the stories about twelve miles an hour in post-chaises, as an ordinary pace, are not to be credited.

I found, when in England, that the rate of speed depended upon the roads. From Southampton to London you may easily go at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour; but it took four beautiful bays two full hours to transport myself and four others in a light carriage without luggage, from Dover to Canterbury, a distance of only eighteen miles; and I bribed the Post Boys "at that," holding my watch to see what English horses could do on a hilly road.

Between Hastings and Brighton, over the sandy downs and wolds of Sussex, two horses in the same carriage, with only three persons in it, could hardly average five and a half miles the hour; while I was once taken with a party, without notice to the proprietors, or preparation on their part, in a common stage coach, weighing 1,800 lbs., from Rochester to Lockport by the way of Lake Ontario, a distance of 63 miles, in seven hours, with ease.

I "timed" the race-horses of England at Goodwood and at Newmarket; comparing horses, weights and distances with our own, and came to the conclusion, that their coursers are not superior to those of America; while in sailing, all the world knows we can beat their yachts and ships to death.

No! gentlemen, you have only to look about—use the elements within your grasp, and the trotters and gallopers of Rhode-Island may be as famous in time to come, as the pacers of Narragansett once were.

There is a Jackson Morgan in Newport, that may yet rival the famous Old Snip, who, it is said, when pacing his match over a certain road, with a bridge twelve feet wide across it, was never known to touch that bridge with his foot!

He was caught wild, as the report goes, on the Narragansett shore, and was evidently a descendant of those Andalusian Barbs, which the Spaniards carried to Cuba, and which our officers probably brought from that Island upon the return of the ill-fated expedition against it in 1741.

And if you rear horses, farmers of Rhode-Island, be sure that you keep them well when young.

The stories of Arab colts, fed until their fourth year upon camel's milk, are a perfect delusion; animal life can not be sustained, expanded and developed, except by food, and that bestowed by no sparing hand.

Mr. Burekhardt, the only man who ever traveled in Syria, Mesopotamia and Arabia, with a competent knowledge of the languages there used, is the author upon whom I rely in this particular, and he says, "it is a general but erroneous opinion that Arabia is very rich in horses; but the breed is limited to the extent of fertile pasture grounds in that country, and it is in such parts only that horses thrive, while those Bedouins who occupy districts of poor soil rarely possess any horses."

"It is found accordingly, that the tribes, rich in horses, are those who dwell in the comparatively fertile plains of Mesopotamia on the banks of the river Euphrates and in the Syrian plain."

"Horses can there feed for several of the spring months upon the green grass and herbs produced by the rains in the valleys and fertile grounds, and such food seems absolutely necessary for promoting the full growth of the horse."

"The best pasturage places of Arabia not only produce the greatest number of horses, but likewise the finest and most select race."

Certainly this must be so, and common sense teaches what Burekhardt expressly asserts. If you will redeem your former fame in this regard, farmers of Rhode-Island, I will for the present take leave of the horse.

Horticultural Department.

PEAR CULTURE.

NUMBER I.

WE are going to discuss pear culture pretty much as General Jackson discussed the Constitution—"as we understand it"; for with all the invitations which we have at various and sundry times made to our friends and readers, to give us their observations on the subject, we have, thus far, only been met with a plentiful lack of information. Pears are not only the best of the *permanent* fruits which we of the northern States raise, when in their perfection, but the scarcest, also; and those with which their cultivators have met the most formidable difficulties in the various diseases to which the trees are subject, and in the obstacles which they have to encounter. True, the nurserymen tell a different story, and which story the public have believed, as the fortunes which the aforesaid nurserymen have made in the propagation and sale within the last dozen years will testify; but from the studied silence of those who have purchased their trees, and the bare fruit-stalls of our public markets in the show of the pears themselves, we fancy another sort of tale is to be told by the *cultivators*.

Now, gentlemen of the nurseries, take no umbrage at what we have said or are about to say, for we are your very good friends, as we trust you are ours, for the propagation and rearing of young trees is a very different thing from orchard culture afterwards; and although you have done much good in the world, and will do a great deal more, we trust, before you have done with it, the drift of what we have to say, if heeded, may enable you to effect a much greater good in your future labors. We think there are existing errors in the *sweeping* rules which are laid down in the books for pear cultivation; and these books, one and all, that we know of, by American authors, are written by nurserymen. Not that we doubt that the rules laid down for cultivation by you are correct, so far as fortified by your observation, but that that observation is too limited in range for the guidance of cultivators to any considerable extent on the farm. Let us look at it.

For the better understanding of what we have to say, we shall divide our subject into two separate parts, viz: that of pears upon their own individual stocks; and that of pears on the quince, and confine our remarks to the cultivation of the trees themselves,

and not to the merits of the particular varieties of the fruit—although of these we may have something to say hereafter.

All of us who have paid any attention to fruit culture have vivid recollections of old pear trees standing in somebody-or-other's orchard, in our boyhood—great, strong, healthy, vigorous, *old* trees, which bore quantities of fruit, which we, in our boyish appetites, called *good*. Whether we should now call them so is another question. But the fact that the trees existed, as we state, and that many of them yet exist in health and vigor, will not be disputed. Those trees were chiefly wildlings, or natural stocks; and if grafted with the better kinds of pear at all, were so grafted at, or near, the branching point, above or below. Nor will any of us remember that those trees had any *particular* cultivation; usually standing, when in orchards, with other trees, or near a fence, or in the garden, or by the side of an out-house, or in the door-yard. It is also a fact that there still exist, in the old French towns of Illinois, and in the old French settlements along the Detroit river, pear trees of immense size, and along the Niagara also, but less than on the Detroit, which annually yield, with no cultivation whatever, great quantities of fruit; some of them even fifty bushels to a tree, at a single crop. These old French trees are more than a hundred years old; and from what we know of the habits of the early settlers who planted them, it is quite certain that they never had any careful cultivation. The pursuits of those early settlers were chiefly hunting, trapping, and fishing, and their agriculture was of the rudest kind, and they had orchards of apples as well as pears; but the fruits were of the wild or natural kinds, as the remaining specimens show. The Illinois trees we have not seen; but the others we have seen; and the soil around many of the most fruitful of them is in a sadly neglected state—bound down in grass, mowed, and pastured, or occasionally plowed, and carelessly at that, with poorly-tended crops upon it. So is the usage of the soil in many other places, in New-England, New-York, New-Jersey, and Pennsylvania, where such trees yet remain in undiminished health and vigor. Many trees cotemporary with these have, doubtless, died from disease, neglect, and hardship of various kinds; but after all, the old standing trees tell the story, that our country is friendly to the pear in its *natural* state; and we can readily draw the inference that they may still be cultivated as well as ever, if the seeds of premature decay, by disease, or inherent weakness, be not *worked* into the constitution of the tree itself, in its infancy.

So much for the *natural* stock of the pear. Now let us look at the nursery cultivation of the *improved* varieties, or the finer kinds of table pears, which, after all, to the present refined tastes, are the only kinds worth propagating. With the exception of a few really good native American pears, for the production of which we are indebted to chance or accident, our finest varieties are chiefly of English, French, or Belgian origin.

With few exceptions, the wood of these pears, although vigorous and succulent with high cultivation when young, is small in growth when at maturity, tender in habit, and exceedingly liable to disease always. They are capricious in their choice of soil, position, and climate. To this fact, the various opinions and discussions in our pomological meetings is proof. Removed from the nursery, where they grow finely in their infancy, and set out in orchards as standards, they frequently *spot* on the trunk in large black blotches, canker, mildew, and die; and all this under good cultivation, in good soils. Many are struck with *fire-blight* when in apparent health and vigorous growth, for which no certain cause or certain remedy has yet been found in the thousand-and-one experiments and examinations that have been made. The question, then, may fairly be asked, is not the difficulty in the *propagation* of the tree? We think so.

As an inference that this is so—for we do not wish to appear too positive—we have seen several cases where large, old, *natural* trees have been grafted high among the branches, with the choicest of our foreign varieties, which took a vigorous growth, and bore the finest specimens of fruit year after year, and in great abundance—thus showing that where the stock pushed up a healthy, free, full flow of sap, the ingrafted wood could perform its office in fruiting to entire perfection, full in quantity, and perfect in quality. And this leads us to our next proposition: that the common mode of nursery propagation is wrong.

The ordinary mode of propagating nursery pears on their own stocks is this: The seed is sown; the young trees come up *natural*, or wildlings; left to themselves, they grow up thorny, rough, and twisting. Some grow vigorously, and show strong constitution; others are small, with contracted sapvessels, and indicate natural feebleness; and whether they be seedlings of American origin, or imported seedlings from abroad—as have lately been introduced into our nurseries to a great extent—these habits apply to them equally alike. As soon as these seedlings are of sufficient size, they are grafted, or budded, with the fine varieties, *at or near the root*; consequently the stock *above* ground is all, or nearly all, of the new variety of wood thus worked upon them. Now, we believe it will be admitted by all observing men, that in such situation the root of the original stock, and the stem of the worked stock above, bear about an equal proportion of growth, as each is equally dependent on the other for sustenance. If the root of the wildling be worked with the wood of a weaker variety, it will accommodate itself to it, and so of the opposite. Thus, if the new wood is unable in its original constitution, of which it can not divest itself, to withstand the vicissitudes of our climate, soils, or treatment, it becomes subject to attack in its vital part, the body, while the root below may perform all the offices of a healthy and vigorous plant, but which, the body failing, the root acting sympathetically, will, in time, cease to do. Is not this rea-

sonable? If we ask why trees are thus propagated, we are answered, that it is the *readiest* and *cheapest* way to raise them; and that is the end of it. Self-interest lies at the bottom of the whole, and probably millions of trees are propagated and sold without the thought of any better way for the permanent welfare of the tree ever being suggested to the propagator. We certainly intend to blame nobody.

Now, what is the remedy for these evils, and how are we to get strong, healthy, hardy, long-lived trees? We will state our belief, simply, based upon what observation and experience we have been able to exercise. Use none but healthy, hardy, vigorous, *natural* stocks. Dig out of the nursery and throw away every one that indicates natural feebleness of constitution or growth. Let them be well cultivated and pruned, in the nursery, until they are of sufficient size to transplant into the position where they are to remain for life. Then bud or graft them with the desired variety, at the point where the branches are to be formed, or, if branches at the proper height be already made, let those branches be so budded, or grafted, and the top of the tree be trimmed into its proper shape. The influences of our fierce, burning suns, and our intense frosts, which we believe—good cultivation always being preserved—are the main causes of disease in the bodies of our fine varieties of pear, will be less prejudicial to the stock thus grown, as it is a *natural* stock of our own soil; having its own corresponding root upon which its body can act in sympathy. If the exotic worked upon it be less vigorous, by immediately branching out at its junction with the main stock, it has a greater draft upon the natural stock below, and if it be equally vigorous, they act in harmony. If less hardy to the influences of the sun and frost, its own leaves and spray give the wood a partial protection. At all events, we have a multitude of examples for this mode of cultivating the pear, with entire success, against thousands of unsuccessful attempts under the common root cultivation of the nurseries. A year or two after the stock is so budded or grafted, the tree may be taken out of the nursery and transplanted to the orchard, or wherever else it is permanently to remain. Even if it be transplanted in its wildling condition, after it has taken growth in its new position it may be quite as successfully budded, or grafted, as when in the nursery, and throws up its branches for bearing. Such a mode of culture we believe, from observation, to be a much surer one for permanent trees than the ordinary method of nursery propagation which we have described.

We shall consider the propagation of pears on quince stocks hereafter.

FASHIONABLE.—The latest style of coats is really beautiful. With the waist of the garment between his shoulders and the skirts sweeping the flagging stones, the happy possessor makes a beautiful exhibition. It is unfortunate, however, for the *novelty* of the style, that nearly every Irish gentleman who comes to this country, has a coat of the same fashion which was made twenty years ago!

For the American Agriculturist.

HINTS FOR FEBRUARY.

FROSTED PLANTS.

WHEN plants, through accident or neglect, get frozen, they should be well syringed or sprinkled overhead, through a fine, rose watering-pot, with cold water. Great care must be observed in shading them from the sun till the frost is thoroughly drawn out, which should be done as gradually as possible. Standing them on the floor of the house is the best plan that can be adopted. Care must be taken that they do not again freeze after syringing. It seems not to be generally understood that frost merely suspends, but does not entirely destroy vegetation; and, unless plants are very tender, with careful treatment they may, generally, be saved.

GRAPE VINERY.

Vines breaking should be kept syringed, morning and evening, in fine weather. Keep a moist, gentle heat, and as regular as possible. Those started early will now have made good growth, and the temperature may be raised to 65° by night, and 70° by day, with sun-heat. Only one bunch should be allowed to remain on a shoot, as they will set much better than when more are left. The border must be carefully attended to, and a proper temperature kept up, in order to correspond with the interior.

STRAWBERRIES.

A succession should be kept up by placing some in a green-house, wherever there is room.

SEAKALE AND ASPARAGUS.

Plants may now be put in, and treated as the earlier ones.

FRUIT TREES.

Espaliers and other dwarf trees, should now be pruned and trained, if required. If the ground is poor, a good dressing of well-rotted manure should be applied to the surface, and, where opportunity offers, slightly forked in.

HOT-BEDS.

Manure may now be brought together and thrown up in form of a ridge, to become heated and prepared for use.

GREEN-HOUSE.

All plants requiring a shift, should now receive it, as a pressure of work coming on in a few weeks, may prevent its being done at that time; cleanliness must also be kept in view. All plants that require training should now be attended to. Admit air at every favorable opportunity.

BEDDING PLANTS.

Cuttings of the various bedding plants may now be taken, wherever the means are at hand. It should be borne in mind that one good plant is worth three bad ones at the time of bedding out. W.

ANOTHER MUSICAL PIGEON.—The editor of the Lowell News, upon reading the paragraph which has been going the rounds of the papers about a pet pigeon which dances to the sound of the harp, recalls to mind the following: "We remember seeing many years ago, a pigeon belonging to the late Dr. Wm. L. Richardson, of Boston, which was singularly affected by the sound of a flute. If a person commenced playing a slow air upon this instrument, the bird would fly to the person's head and remain there till the music ceased, unless the time was hurried or a more lively air commenced, in which case it would descend to the person's shoulder and stretch out its neck toward the instrument, with evident delight. It made no difference with the bird if the flute was played by an entire stranger."

American Agriculturist.

New-York, Wednesday, Feb. 7.

ANSWER TO INQUIRIES ABOUT BACK NUMBERS, &c.—Back numbers from the beginning of the present volume can still be supplied at 4 cents per number.

Volumes XI and XII can be supplied at \$1 per volume unbound; or \$1.50 per volume bound.

The first ten volumes (new edition) can be furnished bound at \$1.25 per volume, or the complete set of ten volumes for \$10. Price of the first twelve volumes \$13.

No new edition of the volumes above the tenth will be issued, as the work is too large to admit of stereotyping.

CAYUGA LAKE AND ITS ENVIRONS.

AURORA, Cayuga Co., N. Y., Feb. 1, 1856.

Editorial Correspondence.

THERE are few more attractive farm locations in the United States, than are to be found in central New York, upon the borders of those beautiful lakes—the Cayuga, the Seneca, the Canandaigua, the Crooked, the Skaneateles, and the Owasco. These vary in length from eleven to forty miles, and from nearly four to less than half a mile in width. On both banks the land rises in a gentle slope for several miles, the ascent being generally about one hundred feet to the mile. It is upon these slopes that we find the farms referred to. The natural fertility of the soil has enriched the proprietors, and enabled them to beautify their homesteads and add to their attractiveness by neat and tasteful dwellings and out-houses, and by surrounding them with appropriate gardens, shade-trees and shrubbery.

We are now looking out from the window of one of these rural mansions—that of Mr. Thos. Gould—situated near the village of Aurora, and back from the lake just one mile. Within our present view, perhaps fifty of these farmer's homesteads lie spread out upon the opposite bank of the lake. We have looked upon this scene at midsummer, when the fields of waving grain, the green herbage of the pastures, and the foliage of the clumps of forest-trees which intersperse the landscape presented, perhaps, a more grateful aspect; yet the thick mantle of spotless snow that now covers all the eye can behold, is a bright and beautiful sight. The view at this season calls to mind the real comforts only known to the farmer. With his barns, granaries and cellars well filled, his wood-shed stored with well corded piles of prepared fuel, his stock well housed, he spends his days and nights in comparative leisure, free from the anxieties and cares that trouble and harass his city brethren—his days occupied with attendance upon his horses, cattle, sheep, poultry, &c., and his evenings in reading, visiting, going to lectures and meetings, or around the fireside with his family in social conversation, or discussing the merits of a basket of Greenings, Spitzenbergs, Baldwins or Swaars. If he does not enjoy life, who does?

Last evening we met, by invitation, a company of just such farmers, at Springport, six miles north of this, and occupied an hour in throwing out various hints upon the best means of improving upon the present methods of cultivating the soil, and preserving and using manures. To-night we are to do

the same in this village. We find the farmers here waking up to the importance of becoming better informed in regard to their occupation. Agricultural books and periodicals are rapidly increasing in the extent of their circulation. Improved implements are coming into more general use. The better breeds of animals are supplanting the less profitable natives and mongrel herds.

On our way to this village from the Railroad depot at Cayuga, we entered into a little conversation with the driver of the stage, who appeared to be somewhat intelligent, though perhaps not fully up with the most advanced themes of "book-farming." Passing by the residence of a farmer, (Mr. W. R. Grinnell,) he remarked that "that man had made no money at farming, because he expended all the proceeds of his farm in draining, manures, &c. He did not believe he had a dollar more on hand than when he first came upon the farm."

But we soon found out, from our informant himself, that this same farmer had actually made several thousands of dollars. By a judicious system of improvements, he had so improved much of his land, that with the same labor and expense in cultivation, he now obtains double the amount of crops formerly produced, so that for all practical purposes his land has doubled in value, and indeed its market price is now about double what it cost the present owner, and nearly double what it would have been had he not made these improvements. This is but one of a multitude of instances which go to prove that the best investment for the surplus products of a farm, is in the farm itself; and further, that the amount of money laid up by the farmer is not always a true indication of the profitableness of his labor. Every dollar added to the value of the land, is to be set down to the profit of the labor expended upon it.

Among others in this vicinity, we may mention Mr. Thomas Gould, who, though but a young farmer, is making considerable effort to advance the cause of agricultural improvement in his neighborhood, through the instrumentality of farmers' associations, lectures, improved stock, &c. He has quite a number of valuable animals, which we have just examined with no little pleasure. One of these is a fine three-year-old Black Hawk stallion. Mr. G. says he has refused two thousand dollars for him, finding it more profitable to keep him for home use, especially so, as the farmers in this vicinity are making no little effort to introduce a better class of roadsters. He has a three-year-old Durham bull, which took the first premium in his class at the last New-York State Show. He has nine Devons, including a two-year-old bull, bred by Mr. Lewis G. Morris; five young breeding cows, and three autumn calves. The pedigrees of the six older animals are given in the second volume of Davy's Devon Herd Book. One of the breeding cows—a three-year-old—is a very superior animal. Mr. Gould is also breeding Leicester sheep, Suffolk swine (from Mr. Morris's importations), several varieties of poultry, Madagascar rabbits, English ferrets, Guinea pigs, &c.

The coldness of the weather and the depth of the snow, prevents our making many observations upon the farms in this vicinity, but we hope to visit this section of the country again, at a season when we can better make observations upon the soil, productions, and methods of farming. The drouth of the last season diminished the crops here as elsewhere, but the prices now obtained more than counterbalance the loss from this source. Wheat delivered at the villages along the Cayuga lake now brings \$2 to \$2 12½ per bushel. We saw several loads of oats sold to-day for half a dollar per bushel, of 32 lbs. As the lower part of the lake is frozen, these and other grains must lie upon the hands of the purchaser until the opening of lake and canal navigation in the spring. A short outlet from the lake into the Erie canal enables boats to load at any point on this lake, and go direct to New-York without transshipment.

ITALIAN RYE GRASS—20 TONS TO THE ACRE.

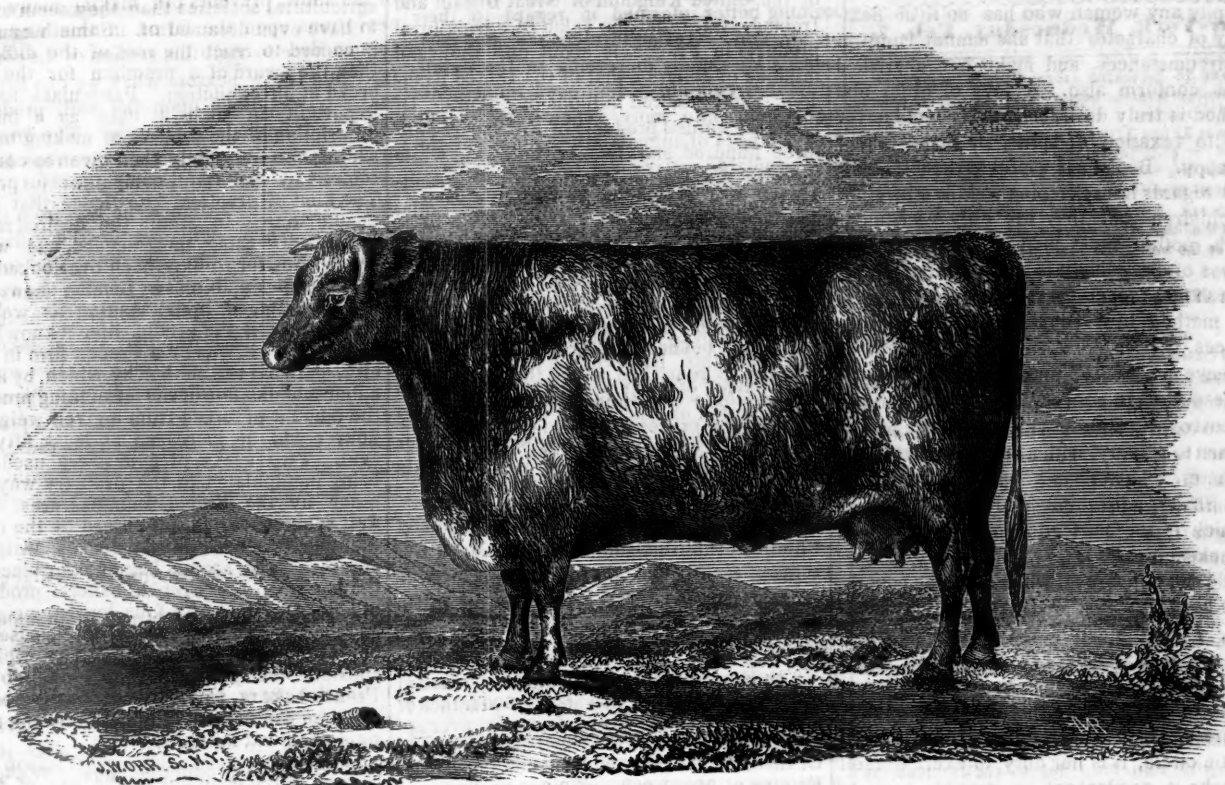
MR. MOORE, President of the Monongahela Valley Agricultural and Horticultural Society, referring to the account we copied from an English paper, page 131 of our present volume, of the story of 20 tons of rye grass having been grown to the acre, asks if it would be half as productive here. We will answer that we do not believe it would be, or even one-quarter so productive in our dry climate.

When we copied the article alluded to, we prefaced it with cautionary and explanatory remarks, and left our readers to infer, that we had no faith in this great story. Since this, the account has been carefully sifted in England, and it turns out that the grass was not cured into hay, but that it was weighed green and wet, and the amount of dry hay it would make guessed at! Mr. Caird, who gave an account of this great yield, before a large assembly of highly respectable farmers at Mr. Mechi's annual agricultural gathering last summer, has been much censured for it, and we think very deservedly. It is time such stories of incredible yields of grass, grain, &c., were put an end to in the agricultural community, and that accurate, well-attested weights and measures alone be given hereafter. All know that if grass be cut during a wet day and lies a short time, absorbing the falling rain, that it may weigh twice or thrice as much as if cut on a dry day. Now who knows whether those 20 tons guessed at, were cut on a dry or wet day?

With respect to rye grass in this country, it is no better than good common American rye for pasture, and not so good as wheat. We have tried them all effectually, side by side.

Ray grass is sometimes confounded with rye grass among us, but they are entirely different. The latter is a perennial, and yields a good annual crop, though not equal to American orchard grass. The former grows up rank and tall, like rye, but bears cutting better. Some kinds are annual, others are biennial.

LADY MILLICENT.



The above is a portrait of a Short Horn cow imported, by Mr. Jonathan Thorne, the past season. She is considered one of the most valuable of his different importations, being large in size, and finely developed in all her points. Annexed we give her pedigree:

Lady Millicent, roan, calved May 26, 1847. Bred by F. H. Fawkes, Farnley Hall, England. Imported by Jonathan Thorne; the property of Samuel Thorne, Thornsedale, Washington Hollow, Dutchess County, N. Y. Got by Laudable (9282); dam, Millicent by Gouchy (6051); Fair Frances by Sir Thos. Fairfax (5196); Feldom by Young Colling (1843); Lily by Red Bull (2838); Lily by son of Holling (2131); by Partner (2409); by R. Alcock's bull (19).

Lady Millicent is in calf by Lord of Brawith (10,465). Her dam Millicent is out of Mr. Ambler's celebrated prize heifer, Miss Frances.

Our readers will recollect the notice we gave of Mr. Jonathan Thorne's stock, at page 369 of our last volume. Since this, Lady Millicent and several others have been imported by him, for the purpose of increasing his herd, and giving it still greater variety of blood. His son, Mr. Samuel Thorne, being very desirous to become a farmer and breeder of choice stock, Mr. Jno. Thorne disposed of all his Short Horn cattle and South Down sheep to him last November. Having ample means and accommodation, the public may be assured that this celebrated herd and flock will lose nothing by the transfer; but that they will continue to be bred with great care, and in the best and most scientific manner.

It is now snowing, and very cold.

THE MONONGAHELA VALLEY AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—This Society, during the past summer, leased five acres of river bottom, and inclosed the same with a high fence, at an expense of over \$500, beside paying their premiums; and they have now a surplus in the treasury which will enable them to offer more liberal premiums at their next fair. The present officers are:

D. MOORE, President.

J. W. SMITH, Recording Secretary.

BRADFORD ALLEN, Cor. Secretary.

WM. J. ALEXANDER, Treasurer.

BOARD OF MANAGERS.

John A. Hopper, Geo. V. Lawrence,

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.—From Messrs. Vil-morin, Andrieux & Co., of Paris, France, we have received a pamphlet entitled "*Recherches sur le Sorgho Sucré*," par M. Louis Vil-morin. We shall look this over soon, and if we find it sufficiently interesting to our farmers and planters, will translate it for the columns of the *American Agriculturist*.

Addresses before the Aquidneck Agricultural Society.—Some attentive friend has sent us three of the above. One by Nathaniel Greene, delivered September, 1852; one by Thomas R. Hazard, September, 1853, and one by J. Prescott Hall, September, 1854. The latter we had noticed, in an exchange paper, and made some extracts from it; the two former we shall look over soon.

Messrs. Fowlers & Wells, 308 Broadway, have sent us a work entitled "The Ways of Life," by the Rev. G. S. Weaver, author of "Hopes and Helps." The work bears a

high moral tone throughout, and may be read profitably by all classes. Price 50c. in cloth.

PRACTICE VS. PREACHING.

It is very easy to keep house on paper. Good rules may be given for rising and retiring, for cooking and washing dishes; yet nothing, after all, can take the place of practical common sense and experience. If everything in our domestic arrangements moved on like clock-work, and never got out of order, we could live by rule, and it would all be very easy—but, unfortunately for such an experiment, babies will not always go to sleep at the right time, and they will sometimes wake long before the proper moment. Children will tear their clothes just when they should not, and they will fall down in the mud, and require a change of garments, at a time appropriated to some important domestic duty. Sometimes, too, they will be ill, and they must be attended to, even if they do manage in such a disorderly way; and sometimes, also, the housekeeper herself breaks all her good rules, and does nothing but lie still and take medicine from morning till night.

It is very easy, too, to bring up children on paper. They can be made quite perfect little beings. Their faults disappear so readily before a gentle reproof, that it is difficult to imagine they belong to the same race as ourselves, for we must be conscious that it often requires more than one effort to overcome a bad habit. Full-grown men often find it more than they have resolution to accomplish to give up self-indulgence in some of its forms, but a mere child, on paper, can do what man scarce dares attempt. If he is choleric, all you have to

do is to say, "My dear, you should control your temper," and the work is done. If prone to other faults, they are as readily overcome.

I pity any woman who has so little flexibility of character that she cannot conform to circumstances, and make her cherished plans conform also. A love of order and method is truly desirable, but it should never lead to vexation of spirit, or make others unhappy. Books are useful assistants, both as it regards housekeeping and the education of children—but they are only assistants. Each mother must judge for herself what course of discipline it is best to pursue—and each housekeeper must choose for herself the method best adapted to her circumstances.

I have no love of untidiness, and I must confess I have no very great love for the excessive neatness which reduces some women to slavery, with a scrubbing brush for a master. "There is a beautiful medium," as a Shaker acquaintance of mine once said, "which is the perfection of all virtue" in housekeeping.

I do not suppose all women can be equally good housekeepers. "It is no more reasonable," I heard a gentleman of some distinction remark, "to expect all women to be good housekeepers, than to expect all men to be good lawyers." Yet as women's sphere of labor is generally within the domestic circle, it is her duty to exert herself to make it as pleasant as possible both to herself and others. She should not look upon household cares as beneath her attention. Nothing which affects our health or comfort is of trivial importance. A healthy mind can scarcely exist in an unhealthy body. Our children should be taught to make themselves useful. Our daughters should early be initiated in the mysteries of housekeeping, and should grow up with a willingness to do whatever they find necessary to be done. It is mistaken kindness in a mother to toil wearily from morning till night, and permit her daughter to sit in the parlor to entertain company, and to busy herself with embroidery, or with the last novel. No daughter who remembers the "commandment with promise," can be happy in such selfish indulgence, for she does not honor her mother. She does not appreciate what has been done for her, and sooner or later, retribution will come.

The daughters of farmers should be taught to respect their fathers' occupation—the most independent on earth—they should dignify it by a proper performance of the duties it devolves upon them, and by a proper cultivation of their minds, such as circumstances permit. Their manners, too, should not be neglected. They should be civil and polite in their treatment of their associates, and avoid everything which is ill-bred or vulgar. They can learn much from books, which may aid them, but let them beware of affectation—nothing is more offensive to good taste.

ANNA HOPE.

Of seven thousand children who are every year brought into the celebrated foundling hospital in Paris, not 200 are alive at the end of ten years.

AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS OF FRANCE AND THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Prof. de Lavergne, in his Rural Economy of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, states that the value of agricultural products in France is about one thousand millions of dollars; that of the United Kingdom, eight hundred millions of dollars. Of these the animal products of France are only three hundred and twenty millions, while those of the United Kingdom are four hundred millions of dollars. M. de Lavergne thus infers, that the system of agriculture in France is more exhausting than that of the United Kingdom, because, we suppose, more manure is made from the larger number of animals kept by the farmers of the latter. We doubt this, however, as the French are more saving of their poudrette than the English, Scotch or Irish. We think, also, they are more careful in gathering together other materials of fertility, which run to waste among the latter.

We are rather surprised to find so many small farms still left in England. M. de Lavergne states that there is no less than 200,000 persons there holding farms of an average of 150 acres. He further adds, that

"In France there are about 100,000 landed proprietors, who pay upwards of 300 francs of direct taxes, and whose fortunes average those of the mass of the English proprietors. Of these 50,000 pay 500 francs and upwards. Estates of 500, 1,000, and 2,000 hectares are frequently to be met with, and territorial fortunes of 25,000 to 100,000 francs and upwards of rent are not altogether unknown. We may have, probably, about 1,000 large proprietors, who, for extent of domain, rival the second grade of English landlords, by far the most numerous of the class. It is true we have proportionable fewer of them than our neighbors, and immediately following our chateaued gentry swarm the host of small proprietors, while the English gentry have at their back the immense fiefs of the aristocracy. To this extent, but only to this extent, it is correct to say that property is more concentrated in England than it is in France. The parent in either country may devise his property as he chooses, and this is frequently done; besides, other common and more urgent reasons induce a deviation from that appropriation which is provided by law. In France, dowries to married daughters reconstitute in part what the law of succession destroys. In England, if real property is not divided, moveable is; and in a country where personal property is so considerable this division cannot fail, through sales and purchases, to exercise an influence upon the partition of fixed property. The more rapid increase of population with our neighbors is, in its turn, another element which distributes property. In fact, properties are being constantly divided in England, and every day new country residences are constructed for new country gentlemen; at the same time many properties are being reconstituted in France, and the assessment returns show that the increase in the number of the large is greater than that of the small.

The Repository and Whig, under the head "Quilligraphs and Sissorings," inserts the following:

"No family should be without it. Our remark has reference to the Whig."

Very handsomely and truly said.—Eds.

WILL GOOD BREAD EVER BE A COMMON BLESSING IN THIS COUNTRY?

We fear not till some more efficient steps are taken by the managers of the various agricultural societies than they seem as yet to have even dreamed of. Something more is needed to reach the root of the difficulty than the award of a premium for the best bread at an exhibition. Particulars are as important in such a case as a minute description of the process of making butter, such as has frequently been given to country societies by successful competitors for prizes. The kind of practical knowledge that shall enable others to attain the desired result, is the very thing most needed, and which seems thus far to have been overlooked.

A recent exhibition in London shows that in this matter of bread making as well as many other of the arts of life, "knowledge is power." It was by a French firm in that city, showing the method by which, by a peculiar modification of the fermenting process, the amount of bread from a given weight of flour could be increased at least fifty per cent. Two sacks of flour were used, one being manipulated in the ordinary way, the other by the French manufactures. The first sack converted into bread by the usual method, produced ninety loaves weighing 360 lbs. The second bag of flour placed in the hands of the French bakers, produced one hundred and fifty-four loaves, weighing 520 lbs.—an increase which, it is asserted, could not have arisen from any weighty substance being mixed with the dough, by the French bakers, as no extraneous ingredient could be discovered in the loaf by the most rigid chemical analysis.

There is unquestionably a great lesson to be learned in the economy of the use of flour, as well the production of a palatable and wholesome article of diet made from it, of our French neighbors. It has for years been the uniform testimony of travelers in all parts of the country, that at all public houses, and even in the meanest way-side inns, the bread furnished is invariably of excellent quality. It follows as a matter of course that their knowledge on this subject is very superior to that of the great majority of our own people, and that a friendly interchange of ideas would very much promote our comfort and increase our happiness. [Cambridge Chron.

SETTING HENS.—In setting hens, thirteen eggs are enough to give them; a large hen might cover more, but a few stronger, well hatched chicks are better than a large brood of weaklings, that have been delayed in the shell perhaps twelve hours over the time, from insufficient warmth. At the end of a week, it is usual, with setting turkeys, to add two or three fowl's eggs, "to teach the young turkeys to pick." The plan is not a bad one; the activity of the chickens does stir up some emulation in their larger brethren. The eggs take but little room in the nest, and will produce two or three very fine fowls. [Dr. Kirtland, Albany.

HOW TO REAR PIGS.—I have a fine Suffolk sow, which lately had a litter of ten pigs; in the course of forty-eight hours after the pigs were born, she killed six of them, by over laying and smothering them. I was relating and lamenting the loss, in the presence of an Irish girl that lives in my family, and she immediately said, if they had been in her country, all would have been saved. I said, Mary, how do they manage pigs in your country? "Dear a me!" she replied, "we put them all in a box, so the mother can't hurt them." "Well, how do you feed them?" I inquired. "O bless my soul," said she, "we put them with the mother several times during the day, until they are a week old, and then they can take care of themselves."

Scrap-Book.

"A little humor now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."

MY ONLY ONE.

The following lines were copied from the back of a one dollar bill:

And thou must go, my beautiful,
To pay remorseless dun,
And pass forever from my hand,
My cherished, only "1."

Thou wert as good as X or V,
For thou wert all I had;
And now, to lose thee in this way,
Confound it, 'tis too bad!

The rich have scores of larger bills,
And double eagles, too,
But they can't feel the love I felt,
My poor, poor one, for you.

But go away! I can not smile,
For really 'tis no joke
To think I am, when thou are gone,
Decidedly "dead broke!"

WHITTLER.

Blackwood, it seems, after having read a tragedy purporting to emanate from Shakespeare's spirit, has heard of another drama which Shakespeare has also lately promulgated, and which is called, "The Two Loafers of Arkansas." The following extract is given:

Tarnation seize me, if I bear the taunt
Of this young loco loco!—Skin a coon?
'Twere easy. Ay!—and ask me to do more—
To whip my weight in wild cats; or to dive
For alligators in the turbid stream,
And having ta'en them by the rugged throats,
To wrench their entrails from their jagged jaws,
And fling them on the bank—why, that were but
A summer evening's play! There's not a boy
Within Arkansas but might do the same,
And after, clamber to the squirrel's nest,
And rob it of its nuts. Shall the base loafer
Than whom the June-bug which the night-hawk cracks
Is in creation greater of account,
Chaw me so catawampously! Away—
'Tis night—be red, my bowie-knife, ere day!

EPITAPH.

A Jersey poet desires us to publish the following:

"Weep, stranger, for a father spilled
From a stage-coach and thereby killed;
His name was John Sykes, a maker of sassegers,
Slain with three other outside passengers."

NOT SO VERY GREEN.—A young and apparently verdant slip, who gave his hailing place as "old Varmount," found himself surrounded, upon a certain occasion, by a crowd of quizzing upstarts, who seemed bent upon displaying their own smartness, at the expense of the Yankee.

"Hello, Jonathan!" says one, "where you bound?"

"Deoun to Bosting, on a little tramp," was the reply.

"What's your business in Boston?" continued the inquisitive gentleman.

"Oh, I'm deoun arter my pension money," responded greeny.

"Pension money!" ejaculated whiskeree—"how much do you get, and what are you drawing pension money for?"

"Oh!" answered the countryman, "I get four cents every year—tew mind my own business, and tew let other folk's business alone!"

The crowd had no more remarks to offer. The answer was entirely satisfactory.

PUSH ON!

BY HENRY J. SARGENT.

AWAKE! and listen. Everywhere—
From upland, grove and lawn,
Out breathe the universal prayer,
The orison of morn.

Arise! and don thy working garb;
All nature is astir;
Let honest motives be thy barb,
And usefulness thy spur.

Stop not to list the boisterous jeers,
(He would be what thou art,)
They should not e'en offend thine ears,
Still less disturb thy heart.

What though you have no shining hoard,
(Inheritance or stealth;)—
To purchase at the broker's board,
The recompense of wealth—

Push on! You're rusting while you stand;
Inaction will not do;
Take life's small bundle in your hand,
And trudge it briskly through.

Push on!

Don't blush because you have a patch
In honest labor won;
There's many a small cot roofed with thatch
Is happier than a throne.

Push on! The world is large enough
For you, and me, and all;
You must expect your share of rough,
And, now and then, a fall.

But up again! act out your part—
Bear smilingly your load;
There's nothing like a cheery heart
To mend a stony road.

Push on!

Jump over all the *if's* and *but's*;
There's always some kind hand
To lift life's wagon from the ruts,
Or poke away the sand.

Remember, when your sky of blue
Is shadowed by a cloud,
The sun will shine as soon for you
As for the monarch proud.

It is but written on the moon
That toil alone endures;
The king would dance a rigapoon,
With that blithe soul of yours.

Push on! You're rusting while you stand,
Inaction will not do,
Take life's small bundle in your hand,
And trudge it briskly through.

Push on!

"Julius, 'spose dere is six chickens in a coop, and de man sells three, how many is dere left?"

"What time of day was it?"

"What has that got to do with it?"

"A good deal. If it was arter dark dere would be none left; dat is if you happened to come along dat way."

"Look heah, nigger, stop dem pusson-al'ties, or I'll shy a brick at dat head of yourn."

"Dick, I say why don't you turn the buffalo robe the other side out—hair is the warmest."

"Bah, Tom, you get out. Do you suppose that the animal himself don't know how to wear his hide?"

A CLEAN TOWEL.—One of the most amusing incidents of the late excursion to Rock Island is thus related in the Utica Telegraph: "A gentleman in the wash-room said to the captain of the boat, 'Can't you give me a clean towel, captain?' 'No,' said the captain, 'more than fifty passengers have used that towel there, and you are the first one that's said a word against it.'"

I DIDN'T SAY BRISTLES.—The Louisville Journal relates the following anecdote:

We remember that some years ago, Roger M. Sherman, and Perry Smith, were opposed to each other as advocates in an important case before a court of justice.

Smith opened the case with a violent tirade against Sherman's political character. Sherman rose and very composedly remarked:

"I shall not discuss politics with Mr. Smith before the Court, but I am perfectly willing to argue questions of law, to chop hairs or even to split hairs with him."

"Split that then," said Smith, at the same time pulling a short rough looking hair from his own head, and handing it over toward Sherman.

"May it please the honorable court," retorted Sherman, "I didn't say bristles."

SHERIDAN AND HIS SON TOM.—Sheridan had a great distaste for anything like metaphysical discussions, whereas Tom had taken a liking for them. Tom one day tried to discuss with his father the doctrine of necessity. "Pray, my good father," said he, "did you ever do anything in a state of perfect indifference—without motive, I mean, of some kind or other?" Sheridan, who saw what was coming, and by no means relishing such subjects, even from Tom or any one else, said: "Yes, certainly!" "Indeed!" "Yes, indeed!" "What, total indifference—total, entire, thorough indifference?" "Yes, total, entire, thorough indifference!" "My dear father, tell me what it is that you can do with—mind—total, entire, thorough indifference?" "Why listen to you, Tom!" said Sheridan. This rebuff, as Tom told me, so disconcerted him, that he had never forgotten it, nor had he ever again troubled his father with any of his metaphysics.

Moore's Memoirs.

COQUETTES.—The ladies!—bless them!—are, as a general rule, coquettes from babyhood upward. Little shes of three years old play little airs and graces upon small heroes of five; simpering misses of nine make attacks upon gentlemen of twelve; and at sixteen, a well grown girl, under encouraging circumstances—say, she is pretty, in a family of ugly elder sisters, or an only child and heiress, or an humble wench at a country inn—is at the very pink and prime of her coquetry; they will jilt you at that age with an ease and arch-infantine simplicity that never can be surpassed in maturer years.

[Frazer's Magazine.

THE CHIEF END OF GIRLS.—Young women generally do much better when set up with men, than when set up in business. The two arrangements are quite different. If there is one thing more than another that the female institution was cut out and finished for, it is the other half of a courting match.

[American Paper.

DIVERTING DIALOGUE.—"Mamma, can a door speak?" "Certainly not, my love." "Then, why did you tell Anne, this morning, to answer the door?" "It is time for you to go to school, dear."

"What are you about there?" said a gentleman to a boy whom he had found in his orchard, disposing of a few apples to the best advantage, viz: in hat and handkerchief, for pockets he had not.

"I'm about going," replied the boy.

"If you don't give me a penny," said a young hopeful to his mamma, "I know a boy that's got the measles, and I'll go and catch them, so I will."

THE LONDON MERCHANT.

John Oakheart and Son are Baltic merchants. Young John entered his father's office as a clerk at sixty pounds a year, of which he paid his mother forty for his board, lodging and washing, and clothing himself with the odd twenty. Do not imagine that Mr. Oakheart's establishment required this assistance. The old gentleman desired to make his son feel independent—he was a man, he earned his own livelihood, and should feel that he supported himself. At 25 years of age, young Oakheart marries, receiving with his wife a moderate sum of money. He wants to purchase a share of his father's business; they cannot come to terms. Young John can make a better bargain with a rival house in the trade. The old man hesitates; he likes the sound of J. Oakheart & Son; but business is business. Had his son married a penniless girl the father would have given him what he now refuses to sell; but now business is business he thinks, and as after calculation he can't do it. So Young John becomes chief partner in a rival firm to that which must one day be his, and trades against the old man, whose only aim is to lay up wealth for his son.

Every day, at 4 o'clock, leaning against a particular corner on 'Change, stands the elder merchant, his hands deeply sunk into his dog's eared pockets. A young city man approaches; they exchange a quiet, careless nod:

"Feel inclined to discount for 1,200 at long date?"

"What name?" asked old John.

"My own. I will give 4 per cent.

"I should want more than that, as money goes—say 4½."

"The brokers only ask 4½," replied the young man.

"Then give it." And they separate with an indifferent nod. That was father and son.

Every Sunday, young John and his wife dine at Russel Square, in the same house where old Oakheart has lived for thirty years. His name has been cleaned out of the brass plate on the door. This house young John still looks upon and speaks of it as his home. All the associations of his childhood are there—every piece of furniture is an old friend—every object is sacred in his eyes, from his own picture, taken at four years old, with its chubby face and fat legs, to the smoke-dried print of General Abercrombie. They form the architecture of that temple of his heart, his home.

After dinner the ladies have retired. The curtains are comfortably closed. The crackling fire glows with satisfaction, and old John pushes the bottle across to his son, for, if old John has a weakness, it is for tawney port.

"Jack, my boy," says he, "what do you want with 1,200 pounds?"

"Well, sir," replied young John, "there is a piece of ground next to my villa at Brixton, and they threaten to build upon it—if so, they will spoil our view. Emily," meaning his wife, "has often begged me to buy it, and inclose it in our garden. Next Wednesday is her birth-day, and I wish to gratify her with a surprise; but I have reconsidered the matter—I ought not to afford it—so I have given it up."

"Quite right, Jack," responded the old man. "It would have been a piece of extravagance," and the subject drops.

Next Wednesday, on Emily's birth-day, the old couple dine with the young folks, and just before dinner, old John takes his daughter-in-law aside, and places in her hands a parchment—it is the deed of the little plot of ground she coveted. He stops her thanks with a kiss and hurries away.

Ere the ladies retire from the table, Emily finds time to whisper the secret to her husband. And the father and son are alone. Watch the old man's eyes, fixed on the fire for he has detected this piece of affectionate treachery, and is almost ashamed of his act, because he does not know how to receive his son's thanks. In a few moments a deep, gentle feeling broods upon the young man's heart, he has no words—it is syllabled in emotions that make his lips tremble, he lays his hand upon his father's arm, and their eyes meet.

"Tut, Jack, sir! pooh! sir, it must all come to you some day. God bless you, my boy, and make you as happy at my age as I am now." In silence the souls of these men embrace. But who is that seraph that gathers them beneath her outspread angel wings? I have seen her linking distant hearts, parted by the whole world. She is the good genius of the Anglo-Saxon family, and her name is HOME.—*Mr. Bartlett's Sketches of European Society.*

ALBERT SMITH ON READING IN BED.

I plead guilty to the very bad habit of reading in bed—always, at any hour, under any circumstances. It has become such a second nature, that I cannot go to sleep without it; and so, in strange houses, I am driven sometimes to desperate shifts to gratify the propensity, both as regards the light and the book. The arrangement of the light is very troublesome at times. If you put the candlestick on the pillow, occasionally it falls back and sets the curtains on fire and burns the house down, and then the owner gets annoyed and don't ask you again. If you build up a contrivance with the chair and water-jug, it tumbles over equally, and goes out at once, cutting short an interesting bit. It is not much safer balanced on the double top of the towel horse. The best arrangement, on experience, is a long drawer, pulled out and turned up on its edge. With respect to the book, it is my own negligence to blame if I have not got one; but I have been so destitute of anything to read that I have even unfolded pieces of newspapers, in which different things in my portmanteau have been wrapped up, and studied the *Gazette* of weeks ago; or an honorable member's speech whose name had been torn off; or the list of distinguished personages whose corns have been cured; or some unimportant French news—"the greater portion of which appeared in our impression of yesterday"—until heavy eyelids warned me to put out the candle. I had no book one Christmas-eve night. I could have gone down to the book-shelves, but I did not care to disturb the house creaking up and down stairs; and so I hunted about the room, and at last, in the drawer of the dressing table, I found a local railway guide. It was not a very promising pamphlet. Even Bradshaw flags in sustained interest if you read it through continuously; unless it be that you marvel at that wonderful map occasionally introduced among the advertisements, of the position of a particular London hotel, where you turn round to the right on Oxford-street, and to the left into Cheapside, and cross over the way to the London bridge terminus, and walk out at the back door into Regent's park.

[Mark Lane Express.]

Boys, Look at This.—That "honesty is the best policy," was illustrated some years since, under the following circumstances:

A lad was proceeding to an uncle's to petition him for a sick sister and her children, when he found a pocket wallet containing \$50. The aid was refused, and the distressed family was pinched with want. The boy

revealed his fortune to his mother, but expressed a doubt about using any portion of the money. His mother confirmed his good resolution, and the pocket book was advertised and the owner found. Being a man of wealth upon learning the history of the family, he presented the \$50 to the sick mother and took the boy in his service, and he is now one of the most successful merchants in Ohio. "Honesty always brings its reward—to the mind, if not to the pocket," but it always does in the long run, to the pocket as well as to the mind.

SUNNYSIDE.

The following interesting particulars of "Sunnyside," the residence of Washington Irving, we find in the *Detroit Tribune*:

The house at "Sunnyside," in which Washington Irving resides, is one he built some three years ago. It is about two and a half miles below Tarrytown, directly on the Banks of the Hudson. It is built on the site of the "Van Tassel House." In fact, the new structure includes a portion of the old walls. At an earlier day it was called Wolfert's Roost—Wolfert Acker being one of the Privy Councillors of the renowned Peter Stuyvesant. Afterward it came into the possession of the Van Tassels. It was here that the quilting party and dance took place so graphically described in the *Legends of Sleepy Hollow*. It was here that the unfortunate Ichabod Crane and Brow Bows unequivocally met, both being suitors for the hand and heart of Kate Van Tassel. Your readers will recall the amusing incidents of that story, and especially the last appearance of Ichabod Crane. A weather cock of miserable appearance is perched upon the gable end of the main building. It was once the ornament of the old Stadt House of New-York, in the time of the old Dutch rule. The House is surrounded by trees—some wild and some planted by Irving. The buildings are nearly covered with vines and creepers. The Trumpet-flower and Ivy-vine are the most conspicuous of them. The ivy, that grows unusually rank, has a peculiar interest. It was brought from Melrose Abbey, near Abbotsoford, Scotland, some twenty years ago. It was brought by a Mrs. Trenwick, an intimate friend of Mr. Irving, and planted at "Sunnyside" by her own fair hands. This lady was a Miss Jean Jeffrey. Her father was a minister, and it was of this lovely girl, then about 17, that Burns wrote the beautiful stanzas among the gems of his poetry.

REV. MARK TRAFTON.—The Manchester (N. H.) Democrat has the following:

Among the Members of Congress elect in Massachusetts is the Rev. Mark Trafton, whom many will remember as a lecturer in several of our churches two years ago. He is six feet two inches in his stockings. Mr. Trafton is a prompt, self-reliant speaker, and an incident is told us of him, while in London several years ago, which indicates that he will not be afraid of Senator Douglas. Wishing to enter the House of Lords (a favor never granted to ordinary travelers,) he walked up to the porter—

"Is Lord Brougham in his seat?"

"He is."

"Ask him to come to the door—a gentleman wishes to see him."

In a few moments the porter returned with his lordship.

"I am Rev. Mark Trafton, of Massachusetts, and ask of your lordship the favor of looking upon the House of Lords in session."

It is hardly necessary to add that he was very cordially ushered in.

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

The icy bonds which have hitherto controlled the waters of our streams and lakes are beginning to dissolve, slowly and reluctantly, in the genial warmth of our midday suns. The swelling buds, and the rosy rays of parting day which with every succeeding sunset linger to a later hour upon the summits of our hills, announce to us that spring, in all her glorious beauty, comes bounding to greet us from her Southern home. The delightful season of sugar making is at hand. The nourishing sap has already sprung from the earth and begun to course through the veins of the forest trees, and the farmers and their families, in many sections of New-England, will soon be occupied in gathering from the abundance of their maple orchards, generous supplies of the delicious liquid. Sugar making is one of the most profitable occupations of our New-England farmers, and is carried on to a considerable extent in all of our Northern States. In 1850 there were manufactured in the United States more than thirty-four million pounds of maple sugar, and forty million gallons of molasses. Of this amount New-York contributed ten million pounds of sugar, Vermont five million, and New-Hampshire one and a half million pounds.

The manufacture of good, white maple sugar, simple as it seems, is perhaps not so generally understood as it should be. One of the most important points of the process is to keep all the apparatus which is used in the manufacture, perfectly sweet and clean. The most approved method of boiling down the sap is in shallow tin pans, placed in a sugar house; and the quicker it is boiled to syrup the better.

"Then (says a practical manufacturer) take it off the fire, and put it in wooden tubs, to cool and settle over night; then pour off all but the settlings; strain through a fine cloth strainer into a brass kettle, and put it over the fire. The fire should only come to the bottom of the kettle; this prevents burning on the sides of the kettle. The natural color of sugar is white, and if kept clean in the manufacture, and not burned, it will be perfectly white. Add to the syrup, when warming, two eggs well beaten, and one pint of new milk, which is sufficient for fifty pounds; skim well just before it comes to the boiling point; then boil to tub sugar; put it in wooden tubs; let it stand a few days, until the grain has done forming; start the plug in the bottom of the tub and let the molasses drain off; keep a wet cloth on the top of the sugar while draining; and the operation is done. Sugar is made in this way equal in color and whiteness to double refined loaf sugar. For most families, it is preferred without draining. Sugar made this way is free from the rank, nauseous smell of cane brown sugar. The sap of the maple varies in sweetness. Two and a half to four gallons will make one pound of sugar."

POPE'S SKULL.—William Howitt says that, by one of those acts which neither science nor curiosity can excuse, the skull of Pope is now in the private collection of a phrenologist. The manner in which it was obtained is said to have been this: On some occasion of alteration in the church, or burial of some one in the same spot, the coffin of Pope was disinterred, and opened to see the state of the remains; by a bribe to the sexton of the time, possession of the skull was obtained for the night, and another skull was returned instead of it. Fifty pounds were paid to manage and carry through this transaction. Be that as it may, the skull of Pope figures in a private museum.

Markets.

REMARKS.—Flour of the lower and middling brands is unchanged, but the fancy stand 25 to 50 cts. per bbl. higher than at our last. Wheat no change. Corn has fallen 2 to 4 cts. per bushel.

Cotton, Rice, and Sugar, a small advance.

There is at last a great ease in the money market, and loans can be now made outside of the banks, all the way from 6 to 15 per ct., dependent entirely upon the securities offered, and the length of time for which the cash is wanted, good stocks are gradually advancing.

The weather has been intensely cold for several days past. The thermometers of our city marked all the way from 3 to 10 degrees below zero this morning, which has not happened here we believe for many years past. At Ogdensburg, it is said to have fallen 33 degrees below zero. We intend to give Mr. Merriman's official statement as soon as it appears. There is still great suffering for want of work among the laboring classes in all the northern cities of the Union.

PRODUCE MARKET.

TUESDAY, February 6, 1855.

The prices given in our reports from week to week, are the average wholesale prices obtained by producers, and not those at which produce is sold from the market. The variations in prices refer chiefly to the quality of the articles.

The weather of late has been exceedingly cold and appears to have come to a climax to-day. The market, in consequence, has been more lively than last week, though the supply is about the same. Owing to the state of the money market, it is not thought possible for produce to rise higher; at the same time, should this weather continue, the supply of good potatoes will be limited, it being now impossible to bring them to market. In fact, it is dangerous to move potatoes now, lest they be frozen or chilled, which always gives them a sweet taste. Parsnips, it will be seen, have advanced considerably, being frozen into the ground. Beets and Carrots, too, are somewhat higher.

Not much is doing in the Apple market in consequence of the weather; the supply is abundant for the present.

The supply of Butter is a little short, and tendency upward. Eggs and Cheese remain about the same.

VEGETABLES.—Potatoes, New-Jersey Mercers, \$3 75 @ \$4 00 per bbl.; Western Mercers, \$3 25 @ \$3 75; White Mercers, \$3 50; Nova Scotia Mercers, \$1 10 per bush.; N. J. Carters, \$3 50 @ \$3 75 per bbl.; Washington Co. do., \$3 00 @ \$3 25; Junes, \$3 50; Western Reds, \$2 75 @ \$3 12; White Pink Eyes, \$3 25 @ \$3 50; Yellow Pink Eyes, \$2 75 @ \$3; Long Reds, \$2 25 @ \$2 50; Virginia, Sweet Potatoes, \$5 50; Philadelphia, \$4 00 @ \$4 50; Turnips, Russia, \$1 50 @ \$2 00; White, \$1 00 @ \$1 25; Onions, White, \$4 50; Red, \$2 50 @ \$3 00; Yellow, \$3 25; Cabbages, \$4 @ \$8 per 100; Beets, \$1 75 per bbl.; Carrots, \$1 75; Parsnips, \$2 25.

FRUITS.—Apples, Spitzenbergs and Greenings, \$2 50 @ \$3 00 per bbl.; Russets and Gilliflowers, \$2 25 @ \$2 50. Butter, Orange Co., 23 @ 26c. per lb.; Western, 18 @ 20c.; Eggs, 21c. per doz.; Cheese, 10c. @ 11c. per lb.

NEW-YORK CATTLE MARKET.

WEDNESDAY February 7, 1855.

There is only a moderate supply of cattle on hand to-day, which, together with the favorable weather of late, continues to give the market an upward tendency. The animals, with a few exceptions, are merely ordinary quality, though ranging in price mostly from 8c. @ 11c. per lb.

The best lot of cattle were from Hardy Co., Virginia, owned and sold by Joseph Williams. They were inferior to those spoken of last week, though in excellent condition, and selling from 11c. @ 12c. We noticed, also, three choice animals from Columbia Co., fed and owned by P. J. Conklin. They were thoroughbred Durhams, purchased in Kentucky, two years ago; a pair four year old, for \$400, and one three-year-old for \$100. Since that time they have been fed by Mr. Conklin at a cost, he estimates, of \$1,000. The three-year-old weighed 3,200 lbs., and

the other two, 7000. When we came away they were unsold.

The cattle spoken of last week as coming into market to-day, were detained on the road on account of the snow, and will probably be on hand next week.

The following are about the highest and lowest prices:

Superior quality beef is selling at 10 1/2 @ 11c. per lb.
Extra quality at 11c. @ 12c.
Fair quality do. 9 @ 10 1/2c. do.
Inferior do. 7 1/2 @ 9c. do.
Cows and Calves. \$30 @ \$60.
Veals. 41c. @ 6c.
Sheep. \$3 @ \$7 50.
Swine. 31c. @ 6c.

Washington Yards, Forty-fourth-street.

A. M. ALLERTON, Proprietor.

RECEIVED DURING THE WEEK.	IN MARKET TO-DAY.
Beeves, 1408	1169
Cows, 40	—
Veals, 207	—
Sheep and lambs, 740	—
Swine, 1637	—

Of these there came by the Erie Railroad—beeves, 319

Swine, 1637

By the Harlem Railroad—Beeves, 367

Veals, 207

Cows, 47

Sheep and Lambs, 594

By the Hudson River Railroad, 530

By the Hudson River Steamboats, —

New-York State furnished, 439

Ohio, 417

Virginia, 34

Connecticut, 25

The report of sales for the week, at Browning's, are as follows:

Sheep and Lambs, 2116
Beeves, 397
Veals, 73
Cows and Calves, 25

The following sale were made at Chamberlain's:

389 Beef Cattle, 8 @ 11c.
65 Cows and Calves, \$20 @ \$40
3,747 Sheep, \$2 @ \$6.
34 Calves, 4 1/2 @ 7c.

SHEEP MARKET.

Wednesday, February 7, 1855.

The market during the last week has been on the improve, and appears equally favorable to-day. The supply has been limited—good sheep especially being very scarce, and bought up immediately. Ohio dealers can now bring on their stock with almost a certainty of good profits.

The following are the sales by Samuel McGraw sheep, broker at Brownings:

23 Sheep and Lambs, \$143 75
3 do. do. 10 00
6 do. do. 35 00
10 do. do. 57 50
10 do. do. 60 00
7 do. do. 55 00
10 do. do. 75 00
69 \$442 25

PRICES CURRENT.

Produce, Groceries, Provisions, &c., &c.

Cotton—	Upland.	Florida.	Mobile.	N. O. & Texas.
Ordinary, 5 1/2	7 1/2	8	8	8
Middling, 5 3/4	8 1/2	9 1/2	9 1/2	9 1/2
Fair, 5 1/4	8 1/4	9 1/4	9 1/4	9 1/4

Flour and Meal—	
State, common brands, 8 25 @ 8 37	
State, straight brands, 8 37 @ —	
State, favorite brands, 8 37 @ —	
Western, mixed do., 8 37 @ —	
Michigan and Indiana, straight do., 8 75 @ 9 —	
Michigan, fancy brands, 8 93 @ —	
Ohio, common to good brands, 8 62 1/2 @ 9 —	
Ohio, fancy brands, — @ 9 12	
Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan, extra do., — @ 9 50	
Genesee, fancy brands, 9 00 @ 9 75	
Genesee, extra brands, 10 50 @ 12 00	
Canada, (in bond), 8 62 @ 8 75	
Brandywine, 9 — @ —	
Georgetown, 9 — @ 9 —	
Petersburg City, 9 — @ —	
Richmond Country, — @ 8 75	
Alexandria, — @ 8 75	
Baltimore, Howard-Street, 6 50 @ —	
Rye Flour, 4 75 @ —	
Corn Meal, Jersey, 4 75 @ —	
Corn Meal, Brandywine, — @ —	
Corn Meal, Brandywine, — @ —	

Grain—	
Wheat, White Genesee, 2 50 @ 2 55	
Wheat, do. Canada, (in bond), — @ 2 20	
Wheat, Southern, White, 2 25 @ 2 —	
Wheat, Ohio, White, — @ —	
Wheat, Michigan, White, 2 40 @ 2 32	

"SHE'S A SEWING GIRL."

We have frequently heard the above remark, when it excited in our mind a feeling of ineffable contempt for the worthless piece of humanity that uttered it. It is a source of deep regret to us that it should ever be our duty to deal harshly with any portion of the fair sex who maintain a reputable standing in society; and there are some, and not a few, who, although their fame may be unspotted, are so deeply imbued with envy, jealousy and hatred toward those of their sex, who happened to be less favored of fortune, but not more perfectly molded and finished by nature than themselves, that their heads are gall, their souls are wormwood, their breath is pestilence whenever they can make it convenient to speak to them. These are they, who, with a sarcastic leer and scornful turn of the nose, stigmatize as "nothing but sewing girls," such young females as have the moral courage and virtue to work with their hands for an honest livelihood, rather than be dependent, destitute or disreputable.

It is sometimes applied opprobriously to married ladies, after the following manner: "Did you ever see the like how Mrs. — dresses herself and children of late?" "La, yes, I've seen many like her—I knew her when she was a sewing girl, and her husband when he was a poor carpenter and worked for my father. Now they have got a little something in the world, they stick themselves up for mighty somebodies." "It is just so almost always with such creatures. As soon as they get a little start in the world they forget the poverty they sprang from, and begin to put on airs of gentility. I can't bear that for my part."

Reader, if you are a young man, and hear anything like the above sentiments uttered by a young lady to whom you are paying your addresses, let that be your last visit. Even if you were under promise of marriage, it would be better to break off, and incur the penalty of a breach of promise, than to be united to one so utterly devoid of that kind-hearted sympathy for those of her own sex thus virtuously struggling with adversity; and who holds it disreputable in a young lady who is without fortune or able friends, to draw for support upon her own physical faculties, in an honest and useful vocation.

We can not conceive any evidence more conclusive, that a young female possesses in an eminent degree, that innate principle of virtue which would set at defiance every seductive wile of libertinism, than see her adorned with all the native graces of her sex, heroically braving the sneers of the proud and scornful, and steadily plying her needle, as a means of independence. Such a one rarely, if ever, fails to possess an amiable disposition, and seldom, if ever fails to make a virtuous, affectionate, and prudent wife, and a good mother.

Goop.—The Sunday Mercury thinks that Dr. Townsend should place the following motto upon his new place in this city:

Sarsaparilla
Built this villa.

Advertisements.

TERMS—(invariably cash before insertion):
Ten cents per line for each insertion.
Advertisements standing one month one-fourth less.
Advertisements standing three months one-third less.
Ten words make a line.
No advertisement counted at less than ten lines.

TO FARMERS.—A YOUTH 16 years of age is desirous of becoming thoroughly acquainted with agriculture, and wishes to connect himself with a competent, practical and energetic Farmer. He is robust, healthy and strong, and has received a good common English education. He is respectfully connected, and wishes to remain with a pleasant family where he will have plenty of farm-work and good treatment until he is 21 years of age. His object is to become a farmer. Address YOUTH, at this Office. 73-77

PURE BRED ANIMALS
AT
PRIVATE SALE.

Mount Fordham, Westchester County, 11 miles from City Hall, New-York, by Harlem Railroad.

Having completed the sale of my domestic animals, as advertised in Catalogue of 1854, (excepting the Short Horn bull BALCO (9918), and at prices highly remunerative—for which patronage I feel grateful, not only to the public of almost every State in the Union, but to the Canadas, Cuba, and the Sandwich Islands—I will issue, about the 1st of MARCH next, A CATALOGUE FOR 1855, consisting of Short Horned bulls, and bull calves, (some of which belong to my friend and part associate, Mr. Becar); North Devon bulls, and bull calves, Southdown rams, Suffolk, Berkshire, and Essex swine, now ready for delivery, of almost all ages, and both sexes. This Catalogue will be illustrated with portraits of my Prize animals. Most of the original animals of my breeding establishment were selected by me, in England, in person, and strictly in reference to quality, in my judgment, best adapted to the use of this country. L. G. MORRIS. 73—

SHORT HORN BULLS.—I have for sale three young, thoroughbred SHORT HORN BULLS; ages—four months, seven months, eighteen months; colors—roan, red, chiefly red; the get of SPLENDOR, a son of Vane Tempest and imported Wolviston. JOHN R. PAGE, Sennett, Cayuga Co. N. Y. 73—

PATENT TRUCK CULTIVATOR.
THE HOE SUPERSEDED.

The attention of Gardeners and Farmers is invited to a new Machine (patent applied for) for tending by hand all kinds of vegetables that are grown in rows, as soon as the plants can be seen. It cuts up the weeds within a half inch of the growing plant, without moving or covering it or injuring the root.

IT IS BELIEVED THAT ONE MAN CAN DO MORE WORK WITH ONE OF THESE MACHINES THAN SIX MEN CAN DO WITH HOES, and do it better.

Growers of Onions, Carrots, Turnips, Parsnips, and all garden crops, are invited to inspect a Machine at the store of R. L. ALLEN, 191 Water-st., N. Y. 73-76n1155

AS GARDENER.—An Englishman who thoroughly understands the growing of fruits, flowers and vegetables; also the management of green-houses and grape-tries, with or without fire. Excellent testimonials as to ability and steadiness can be given if required. Will board in or out of the house. A situation near the city preferred. Address W. SUMMERBY, Bellport, L. I., where he is at present employed. 72-73

WILLOW PEELING MACHINE.—A few Machines for peeling the BASKET WILLOW, either by hand or horse power, will be furnished next Spring, if ordered immediately.

Also Cuttings for planting, with full directions. GEO. J. COLBY, 72-75n1154
Jonesville, Vt. Jan. 16, 1855.

LARGE SALE OF SHORT HORN STOCK AT AUCTION.

The undersigned being about to remove his place of residence, will sell, at his present residence, (known as the Ayres Farm), in Barre, Mass., on THURSDAY, the 1st day of February next, HIS ENTIRE HERD OF SHORT HORN STOCK, as follows:

The high bred, full blood Durham bull DUKE, bred by E. P. Prentice, at Mount Hope, sired by Fairfax, (Contes' Herd Book, 3754); he by Sir Thomas Fairfax (518), which took the following premiums: At Otley, Eng., 3 guineas; at Leeds, 20 sovereigns, and at Yorkshire, 30 sovereigns—and was never beaten. The dam of Duke was Mutilda, (Vol. 5, p. 629), which took the first prize at the Fair of the American Institute in 1843, sired by White Jacket (5647); dam Heart, bred by the late Thomas Hollis, Esq., at Blythe, Eng.

FORTY COWS.

About half of which were sired by Duke, the remainder were mostly sired by the celebrated imported bull MONARCH. The above stock was selected with great care, not only as regards symmetry of form, but also for their extraordinary milking properties; and to guard against the impression that the best will be kept from sale, the ENTIRE HERD will be sold without reserve, and will be sold by catalogue. The age and pedigree given at the sale, offering an opportunity to stock-breeders to purchase animals of rare excellence.

Terms made known at the sale. CALVIN SANFORD, DANIEL BRACON, Auctioneer. 71-72n1153
Barre, Mass., Jan. 15, 1855.

FARMERS AND GARDENERS WHO can not get manure enough, will find a cheap and powerful substitute in the IMPROVED POUDERETTE made by the subscribers. The small quantity used, the ease with which it is applied, and the powerful stimulus it gives to vegetation, renders it the cheapest and best manure in the world. It causes plants to come up quicker, to grow faster, to yield heavier and ripen earlier than any other manure in the world, and unlike other fertilizers, it can be brought in direct contact with the plant. Three dollars' worth is sufficient to manure an acre of corn. Price, delivered free of cartage or package on board of vessel or railroad in New-York city, \$1 50 per barrel, for any quantity over six barrels. 1 barrel, \$2; 2 barrels, \$3 50; 3 barrels, \$5 00; 5 barrels, \$8 00. A pamphlet with information and directions will be sent gratis and post-paid, to any one applying for the same.

Address, the LODI MANUFACTURING COMPANY, No. 74 Cortland-street, New-York.

WATERTOWN, Mass., Oct. 19 1854.

LODI MANUFACTURING COMPANY:
Gentlemen—At the request of John P. Cushing, Esq., of this place, I have, for the last five years, purchased from you 200 barrels of POUDERETTE per annum, which he has used upon his extensive and celebrated garden in this town. He gives it altogether the preference over every artificial manure. (Guano not excepted), speaks of it in the highest terms as a manure for the kitchen garden, especially for potatoes. I am, gentlemen, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
BENJAMIN DANA. 70-72n1152

FANCY FOWLS FOR SALE.—A variety of pure bred Fowls, Asiatic, Spanish and Game Fowls, So-bright, Black African, Antwerp, and other Bantams. B. & C. S. HAINES, Elizabethtown, New-Jersey. 70-74

AMERICAN HERD BOOK.

CIRCULAR.

DEAR SIR: During the past year I have been inquired of, by several Short Horn cattle breeders, when I intended to issue a second volume of the American Herd Book. My reply has been, "Not until the Short Horn breeders would come forward in sufficient number to patronize the work, by furnishing the pedigrees of their stock, and to buy the book to an extent sufficient to warrant the expense of its publication." The first volume of the American Herd Book, which I published in 1840, is still indebted to me in the cost of the book itself, throwing in the time and labor I spent upon it.

At the late "National Cattle Show," held at Springfield, Ohio, a large number of Short Horn breeders were assembled, from ten or twelve States and the Canadas. The subject of a continuance of the publication of an American Herd Book was fully discussed by them. It was agreed that, with so large a number of Short Horn cattle as are now owned and bred in the United States, and the Canadas, a Herd Book, devoted to the registry of AMERICAN Cattle, was imperatively demanded. The expense and trouble of transmitting their pedigrees to England, and the purchase of the voluminous English Herd Book, now costing at least one hundred dollars, is no longer necessary; and that of the breeders of pure Short Horn Blood must depend much upon having a domestic record at hand, when the requisite information can be obtained, and that of a reliable character, a Herd Book is indispensable.

In pursuance of the unanimous request of the gentlemen engaged in breeding Short Horns, above alluded to, together with many individual solicitations, which I have received from other breeders during the past year, I have concluded to issue this, my Prospectus, for a second volume of "The American Herd Book," and to request you, if you feel an interest in the work, to inform me at your earliest convenience, whether you will aid in its publication by sending a record of your animals for registry, and to designate the number of volumes of the book you will take. The size of the work will, of course, depend upon the number of animals registered, which, if this opportunity is embraced by the breeders generally, will be several hundred pages octavo, and illustrated with portraits of such animals, properly engraved, as the owners may be desirous to have inserted, they furnishing the cuts for the purpose.

I shall also give an account of all the recent importations into the United States. A copy of the Catalogue of each separate herd will be given, whenever they can be obtained, together with the account of their sales, the prices at which they were sold, purchaser's names, &c. In short, every matter of interest in relation to them, so far as it can be obtained, will be given.

All papers relative to such information will be thankfully received, sent to my Post-Office address at Black Rock, N. Y. As it is necessary that I get to work by the first of March next, you will oblige me by replying immediately, and informing me whether you will have your cattle recorded, and if so, what the probable number will be, and the number of volumes you will take. The recording-fee for EACH animal will be fifty cents; the price of the book five dollars. The recording fees will be expected to be remitted in advance, when the pedigrees of the cattle are forwarded, and the book paid for on delivery.

If, by any casualty, the book should not be issued, the advance money will be promptly refunded.

That there may be as little uncertainty as possible, I wish that the reply to this may be as prompt as convenient, that I may know whether I shall be justified in undertaking the work; if so, I will give you notice of the fact as early as the first of February, 1855, on receiving which, your pedigrees and insertion-fees will be required to be sent immediately.

Very Respectfully yours,

LEWIS F. ALLEN.

Buffalo, Black Rock Post-Office, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1854.

P. S.—As I can not be presumed to know the name and address of every Short Horn breeder in the country, you will oblige me by sending one of these Circulars to every breeder with whom you are acquainted, or to whom you have sold "Herd Book" animals, and give me a list of others, that I may send them a circular, so as to give as extensive information as possible on the subject.

Agricultural papers throughout the United States giving the above Circular one or more conspicuous insertions, shall be entitled to receive a copy of the Herd Book when issued. Aside from this, they will confer a favor on their several subscribers in thus giving them notice. 60-71n1140

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Plants may be purchased of WM. LAWTON, No. 54 Wall-st., New-York. 57

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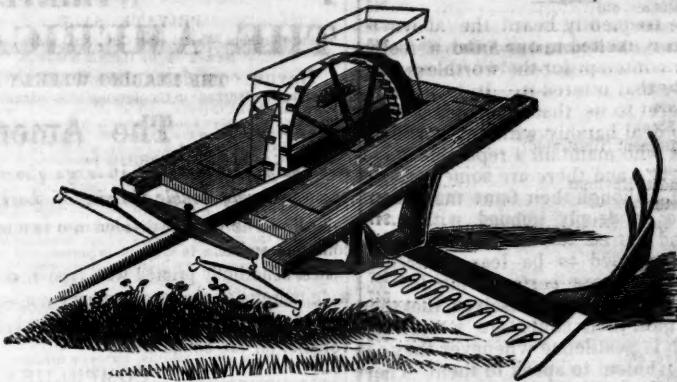
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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Acknowledgments.....	343
Agricultural Statistics, etc.....	346
Agriculture, German.....	337
Agricultural Society, the Monongahela Valley, etc.....	345
Bread, etc.....	346
Bristles, I didn't say.....	347
Boys, Look at this.....	348
Cattle—Patton Stock.....	338
Cattle—Lady Millicent (Illustrated).....	345
Coquettes.....	347
Cayuga Lake and its Environs.....	344
Dialogue, Diverting.....	347
Epitaph.....	347
Fashionable.....	343
February, Hints for.....	343
Green, Not so very.....	347
Girls, their chief end.....	347
Girl, She's a Sewing.....	350
Good.....	350
Grass, Italian Rye, etc.....	344
Horses, American.....	341
Merchant, the London.....	348
One, my only (Poetry).....	347
Pigeon, another Musical.....	343
Pear Culture.....	342
Push on (Poetry).....	347
Pope's Skull.....	349
Poultry—Hens setting.....	346
" Seri-Taock, etc.....	349
" Shanghai.....	340
" Improved.....	340
Pigs, how to rear.....	346
Practice vs. Preaching.....	345
Sheridan and his Son Tom.....	347
Stock, Great sale of Jacks.....	338
Smith, Albert, on reading in bed.....	348
Sunnyside.....	348
Sugar, making maple.....	349
Towel, a clean.....	347
Trafton, Rev. Mark.....	348
Whittier.....	347

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